LIBRARY
STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXXVII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1936 NUMBER 1127

Contents

The Week 251

Editorials
- The Democrats' Call to Arms..... 254
- The League's Dark Hour..... 255
- Steel Declares War 256

General Articles
- Mr. Roosevelt's Convention.....Jonathan Mitchell 258
- The S.E.C. Unmasks the Brokers....John T. Flynn 260
- The Campers at Kitty Hawk.....John Dos Passos 262
- By-Passing the Courts.....Felix Warburg 264
- Washington Notes.....T. R. B. 265
- All the World Loves a Winnah.....Otis Ferguson 266
- Americanism—What Is It?..... 268
- The Bandwagon 269

Correspondence 270

Marginal Notes.....Stark Young 272

Books in Review
- E. M. Forster.....Philip Littell 273
- Real Theatre.....Harold Clurman 274
- The Dark Glass.....Peter Olden 275
- The Nazi International.....Frederick L. Schuman 275
- Penobscot Bay.....Samuel French Morse 276
- The Militant Puritan.....Martha Gruening 276
- The Suburban Mood.....Eleanor Clark 276
- Books in Brief..... 277

The Week

TWO national conventions took place last week. The Democrats, meeting in Philadelphia, surprised no one by renominating President Roosevelt and Vice President Garner. They abrogated the century-old rule requiring a two-thirds vote of the delegates for a presidential nomination and adopted a platform that was a paean of praise for the New Deal and in general a rather timid document intended, like the Republican platform, to offend the fewest possible number. The Communists, meeting in New York, followed a course equally without surprise when they nominated Earl Browder for President and James W. Ford, a Negro, for Vice President. Their platform, in essence, called for a united front of all forces on the Left and asked for a program of more effective social security. . . . The prospect of a bitter labor war in the steel industry deepened as the American Iron and Steel Institute issued a sharp challenge to the Committee for Industrial Organization and the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, who are now campaigning for genuine unionization in steel. . . . Reports from the Middle West indicated that unless rain comes quickly this year's drought will be as bad as the calamitous one of 1934. The area affected centers in the Dakotas, and already prices of farm products are rising. The federal government is expected to make a substantial appropriation for emergency relief. . . . Postmaster General Farley's resignation was announced.

THE meeting of the League Assembly in Geneva not only marked the death of the sanctions system but the virtual collapse of all efforts to apply collective moral force. The great nations of the world are now arming as rapidly as possible and every day that goes by increases the likelihood of a major war some time within the next few years. Much is heard of reorganizing the League in the light of present reality, but the best informed observers believe that such talk is chiefly an effort to divert the attention of the peace-loving public, especially in England, from the grim prospect by which the world is confronted. . . . Premier Blum suggested possible reformation in a statement last week which contained a placatory reference to Hitler and is said therefore to have made a good impression in Germany. He proposed a series of regional pacts, presumably modeled on Locarno. The members of each group would pledge themselves to use all possible measures, including military ones, to keep peace; other nations would apply financial and economic sanctions only. These are brave words, but recent history shows the hopelessness of such efforts as long as Germany, Italy and Japan have their present rulers. . . . Unrest continued in France, both because of strikes and the activities of French fascists, as the government moved toward fulfilment of its program. . . . From China came reports of 700,000 soldiers in the field, representing the governments of Canton and Nanking, in the most serious threat of civil war in many years. Japan continued to pour troops into North China. . . . The League Conference in regard to Turkey's demand for refortifying the Dardanelles adjourned temporarily, with prospects of the Turkish policy's going through.

THE Democratic platform assumes that the depression is practically over and that this is the work of the Roosevelt administration. It points with pride to the S.E.C., the social-security program, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

T.V.A., the H.O.L.C., the A.A.A. and its successor and numerous other aspects of the New Deal. It assumes the continuance of all those new measures not yet overthrown by the Supreme Court, although most competent observers believe the assumption to be erroneous. The platform promises a balanced budget "as soon as possible" and advocates a stabilized currency while insisting that ours is now the soundest in the world. It pledges a continuance of the W.P.A. at prevailing hourly wages but is silent on the question of restoring direct federal relief. It advocates putting all emergency government jobs under civil service if they prove to be permanently necessary. It asks adequate housing for all at prices all can afford to pay. The plight of the tenant farmer is mentioned. In the field of foreign affairs, it reaffirms devotion to the Kellogg Pact, recommends neutrality and taking the profit out of war and approves the policy of reciprocal tariffs. It is silent on the government's silver policy and on the League of Nations, the World Court and collection of war debts. It calls for a constitutional amendment, if necessary, permitting both state and federal governments to do their part in maintaining proper working conditions.

IN THE first public convention it has held, the Communist Party, before a huge crowd in Madison Square Garden in New York City, nominated Earl Browder for President and James Ford, a Negro, for Vice President. Browder's acceptance speech was broadcast over the networks of the two big systems at five o'clock on Saturday afternoon. The platform has been published in full. Nobody therefore has a right to plead ignorance of the Communists' position. They declare that there is a political crisis confronting the country in the fight of reactionary interests upon democracy. They line up, of course, on the side of democracy. They point out that reaction is represented principally by the Republican Party, and sympathize with the labor and progressive forces that have decided to support Roosevelt in order to defeat it. Nevertheless they maintain that labor is using the wrong strategy, since Roosevelt himself surrenders to reaction when he is not challenged from the Left. They want to unite with all other progressive forces in a strong Farmer-Labor Party. Such a party not being in existence, they come out with their own candidate and platform. The latter does not call for revolution or even for immediate socialization. While the party still believes, of course, that there will be no cure for the evils of capitalism short of socialism, and that the transition will be revolutionary, it sponsors for the moment a long series of reforms to safeguard workers, farmers and others of small income, including a drastic program of social legislation and insurance, farm relief and fixing of crop prices, heavily progressive taxation of income and profits. The platform strongly opposes war, and advocates, not a policy of neutrality or isolation, but one of "keeping America out of war by keeping war out of the world." The necessary inference is that if war is not kept out of the world, America should go in—and on the right side.

PREMIER Blum of France has undergone what is probably the busiest week of his career. Faced with the danger of a possible fascist coup, he put through the measure nationalizing the entire munitions industry, in all its phases. This is not only a step of great importance for the future, but it gives the government immediate control over large stocks of weapons that the fascists might have used. The order for demobilization of the Rightists' private armies still stands, but the Croix de Feu is to be permitted to reorganize on a purely political basis as the Social Party. The government is going forward with the remainder of its immediate program. The forty-hour week, vacations with pay and collective bargaining are to be enforced. Soldiers and sailors will have their pay doubled. The government for the first time assumes control of the Bank of France, whose stockholders are spokesmen for the little group of two hundred wealthy families that constitutes the financial oligarchy of France. With the decisive action of the Premier, the wave of strikes appears to be subsiding.

AN EDITORIAL in The Enterprise, a newspaper of Earle, Arkansas, edited and published by Mr. H. M. Phelps, makes as clear as possible the attitude of the land-owning class in the cotton region of that state toward the striking cotton-choppers. It also makes a notable addition to the Southern code of chivalry toward women. After remarking that "there is no sharecroppers' strike in Earle," and that "tenants are all on the job and day laborers are plentiful and glad to work for 75 cents a day instead of $1.50 demanded by the union," the editorial goes on: "It is true that a few foreign agitators representing the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union have felt the strong sting of a backband applied where it would do the most good. This method has produced results where all other remedies less drastic have failed. The greatest hue and cry arises from the fact that a white woman was forced to endure the indignity of a light whipping. Opinions vary as to the wisdom of this act. It is hard for us to condone the action. However, there is no doubt but what the woman was completely out of her place. Assisting in conducting a Negro funeral is no job for a white woman in the South. . . ." Meanwhile the strike of thousands of sharecroppers and day laborers continues under the most heart-breaking conditions of misery and oppression. There has been no further report from Mr. Sam Whitaker, the special investigator from the Department of Justice, who will at most look into violations of federal statutes, presumably leaving untouched violations of state laws: freedom of speech and assemblage, violence, intimidation, etc. These guarantees are the responsibility of the state of Arkansas as set forth in its Constitution.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT IS a sign of the times that the convention of the National Education Association at Portland, Oregon, should be dominated by the issue of academic freedom. Speaker after speaker warned the assembled teachers of the peril to be found in teachers' loyalty-oath laws and other attempts to control the classroom. The same thing was largely true at the recent meeting of the Division of Superintendence at St. Louis. In the Portland meeting, particular attention was given to the outrageous regulation in the District of Columbia whereby every teacher and every other employee of the public-school system has to sign a fortnightly or monthly statement that he has not advocated or taught communism. Deep indignation was expressed at the action of Representative Blanton of Texas, chairman of the subcommittee handling appropriations for the District of Columbia, who mailed a questionnaire to all teachers in the District asking them, among other things: "Do you believe in God? Do you believe in any of the doctrines of communism? Do you approve of Dr. George S. Counts's writings? Do you approve of Dr. Charles A. Beard's writings? Have you been in Russia?" The clear implication was that an affirmative reply to the last four of these questions would result in dismissal. At Portland this week it was said that the Blanton questionnaire had done the teachers a service by making them realize their humiliating position. We hope this is true; there are signs that it is.

ONE of the regrettable casualties in the congressional rush for adjournment was the Wagner housing bill. Since this measure failed to pass, the country must ride along at least until the next session of Congress with the present patchwork of inadequate and frequently conflicting legislation and authorities, which produce practically no housing. Part of the responsibility for this state of affairs must certainly fall on the President, who makes grandiloquent pronouncements but does not follow them up, and has made sudden and arbitrary shifts in policy as one set of advisers or another gains his ear. Senator Wagner started out with a good deal of the same fuzzy, good-will-toward-man attitude, but be it said to his credit that he did realize eventually the seriousness and complexity of the housing problem and in the end came forward with a pretty good bill, supported by all the groups who favored public housing. Among the factors that prevented the adoption of the bill were the active opposition of the private real-estate and building interests, the reactionary leadership of the House Banking and Currency Committee, which delayed the bill unduly in committee, and the President's own mistaken impression that the whole subject was still in confusion. The Wagner-Ellenbogen bill did provide for a permanent agency, and did go to the heart of the matter—namely that there can be no adequate provision for low-cost housing, where the need is greatest, without direct government participation, rather than the roundabout method of encouraging and lending money to private interests. The widespread endorsement given it by labor, housing and social-service groups, the Conference of Mayors, etc., attests the continuing need for such an act.

NOTHING less than universal military service is being solemnly submitted to the voters of Indiana at the coming election in November. The proposal takes the form of an amendment to the state Constitution to read as follows:

> The militia shall consist of all able-bodied male persons, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, except such as may be exempted by the laws of the United States, or of this state; and shall be organized, officered, armed, equipped and trained in such manner as may be provided by law.

In a joint resolution adopted on March 18, a majority of both houses of the General Assembly voted to place this amendment on the ballot. As one reads again the proposal to make every able-bodied male a part of the military establishment from his eighteenth to his forty-fifth year, it is difficult to realize that this is peacetime, presumably "free" America. We assume that it is unlikely any such amendment will actually be adopted, but we should like to inquire about one further detail in the plans of those who are campaigning for it. Once the local Reichswehr is provided for, who is going to be the Wabash Hitler?

THE Hearst newspapers, magazines, press services, syndicates and radio stations reach many millions of persons, but it is still an open question whether Mr. Hearst's political influence is in proportion to the size of his audience. He has often in the past supported candidates who failed of election, and this has been true when he has sought office himself. Fortune Magazine, in its quarterly survey of public opinion, reports some interesting results from a sampling of public opinion, of the type that experts in this field regard as accurate. The Fortune investigators found that 27.3 percent of the people interrogated regard the influence of the Hearst press on national affairs as bad, while only 10.7 percent consider it good. The rest said they didn't know. In the cities where there are Hearst papers, the results are even more discouraging to the lord of San Simeon. There 43.3 percent think his influence bad, 10.5 think it good and 46.2 don't know. Apparently, as Fortune points out, there must be many readers of Hearst papers who either think these journals are bad or are unaffected by them. Of those who disapprove the Hearst influence, 59.2 percent are for Roosevelt. So are 50.7 percent of those who think the Hearst papers exert a good influence! If the Fortune survey is correct, Mr. Landon's managers are blundering badly in the campaign. Hearst is for Landon and the gentleman from Kansas has refused to repudiate this support although it will cost him many votes: his position becomes worse as the Hearst influence proves more negligible.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Democrats' Call to Arms

THE Democratic platform is largely, not a bouquet of fresh promises, but a celebration of what the New Deal has done. There is in it, therefore, far less of inconsistency than in the Republican platform. It is more felicitous too; it invites support, not of vague and often mutually opposing generalities, but of the record. Since the record is far better than the Republicans say it is, and can be proved to be so to any person open to argument at all, this is as good a basis as any for a campaign. And whatever the platform might say, the issue on which the voters will really make up their minds is nothing more or less than whether they like Mr. Roosevelt and his New Deal or not. Therefore it is realistic political strategy to make the platform an advertisement of the past rather than a program for the future.

Aside from pledging a continuance of past policies, however, the party does make a few new promises that are worth notice.

"We will act to secure to the consumer fair value, honest sales and a decreased price spread between the price he pays and the price the producer receives." The end in view is definite enough. But what about the means? The administration did not protect the consumer in obtaining accurate information even about food and drugs, since it failed to pass a proposed amendment to the existing law. It omitted administratively to protect the consumers' interest in any of the enumerated respects by action authorized by law under the N.R.A. and the A.A.A. What measures and instrumentalities does it propose to use in the future? We doubt if any real thought has been given to the subject. Does it expect to regulate prices in the consumers' interest? The Supreme Court has already denied it power to do so, even if it should make the attempt.

"We believe every encouragement should be given to the building of new houses by private enterprise, and that government should steadily extend its housing program toward the goal of adequate housing for those forced through economic necessity to live in unhealthy and slum conditions." Private interests that support the first half of this promise have already prevented the administration from acting decisively on the second half. The Wagner bill, backed unitedly by those who believe in public housing, has just failed of passage in the expiring Congress. How much faith are we justified in placing in this promise?

"We pledge vigorously and fearlessly to enforce the criminal and civil provisions of the existing anti-trust laws and to the extent that their effectiveness has been weakened by new corporate devices or judicial construction, we propose by law to restore their efficacy in stamping out monopolistic practices and the concentration of economic power." Thus the Democratic platform, like the Republican, professes to return to the economic reform that dominated the 1890's and early 1900's. Under the N.R.A., the administration took an exactly contrary course—it suspended the anti-trust laws and tried to extend concerted action in industry, supposedly in the national interest. Is it serious in this new pledge? If it is, it may be credited with being less dominated by big business than the Republicans, and so more capable of putting up a fight. But what student of economic history can have confidence that such a fight will be successful, or at any rate successful enough really to restore equality of economic opportunity and a workable regime of laissez-faire?

The platform promises "immediate extension of the merit system through the classified civil service . . . to all non-policy-making positions in the federal service." A definite pledge, capable of being carried out. This is a minor but desirable reform. Whether it will in practice mean an executive staff better equipped for its increased duties will depend on the quality of civil-service administration. Bureaucratic stiffness should not be substituted for political pull in public offices.

"We shall continue to observe a true neutrality in the disputes of others . . . to work for peace and to take the profits out of war; to guard against being drawn, by political commitments, international banking or private trading, into any war which may develop elsewhere." The subject with which this paragraph deals is likely to be by far the most important issue facing the next administration. The Republican platform makes only a perfunctory reference to the subject. But Democratic policy is far from clear. Permanent neutrality legislation, proposed by progressives in the last Congress, was not passed. There is little more assurance that the Democrats will keep us out of war than that the Republicans will.

Further than this, the platform promises to balance the budget and reduce the national debt "at the earliest possible moment." The Democratic platform is far more realistic in this respect than the Republican. It truly points out that the prospect of balancing the budget without cutting off necessary relief depends largely on the progress of recovery and an increase in the national income. It is vague about a tax program except to say that taxes should be "levied in accordance with ability to pay."

Many of the policies that the party promises to continue—notably those in protection of labor and regulation of industry—have of course been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. New programs of real importance will be impracticable as long as the Supreme Court stands in the way. Almost everything else the platform says is therefore conditioned by what it proposes to do about this problem. It correctly points out that the Republican platform is weak in proposing to "meet many pressing national problems solely by action of the separate states. . . . Transactions and activities which inevitably overflow state boundaries call for both state and federal treatment." So far, so good. What next? "We have sought and will continue

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to seek to meet these problems through legislation within the Constitution." But if this is impossible, the party will seek an amendment giving both states and federal government the necessary power, "each within its proper jurisdiction." This is centuries ahead of the Republican platform, which merely dedicates itself to Constitution-worship and Court-dolatry, and of course is far better than Mr. Landon's proposal somewhat to enlarge the powers of the states. There is a doubt, however, about the timing factor. The party is going to go on trying to achieve its ends without amending the Constitution, before proposing an amendment. When is it to be decided that this is impossible? Must we wait for Justices to die or retire, for new ones to be appointed, for new laws to be passed and possibly to be adjudged unconstitutional? In that case we may wait until the next depression. And the process of appointing the right judges to validate a favored set of policies appears to us highly speculative. It was progressive President Wilson who appointed Mr. Justice McReynolds, conservative President Coolidge who appointed Mr. Justice Stone and conservative President Hoover who appointed Mr. Justice Cardozo.

After such a cold-blooded analysis of the platform, it may be a little surprising at first to encounter President Roosevelt's high-pitched speech of acceptance. It is of course pleasing; we have come to expect from him good phrasing, historical and literary allusions. More than that, however, it is a fighting speech. He speaks of establishing a "wider freedom," of fighting against the new economic despotism that has superseded the political despotism against which the first Americans fought in 1776. He justifies the democratic appeal to government to end this tyranny of private wealth. In the course of the address he says many fine and true things, such as "The economic royalists complain that we seek to overthrow the institutions of America. What they really complain of is that we seek to take away their power. Our allegiance to American institutions requires the overthrow of this kind of power." In such a struggle "this generation of Americans has a rendezvous with destiny." Mr. Roosevelt is "enlisted for the duration of the war."

Certainly Mr. Roosevelt can scarcely believe, like the more excited gentlemen of the Liberty League, that a class struggle of this kind is actually being waged at present between the masses under the leadership of the Democratic Party and the private rulers of capitalism. If so, how could such a platform have been written? How could it boast of the increased profits of those with whom it is engaged in a life-and-death struggle for a conquest of power? One rubs one's eyes.

Is the speech, then, mere meaningless rhetoric, mere ammunition for the sham-battle of a campaign? Mr. Roosevelt is a virtuoso, but after all he has not quite that amount of ability to improvise. Strange as it may seem, the economic dictators of this country are talking and acting much as if what he said were true. He takes his cue from them. Their hostility is just as genuine as if he were a Norman Thomas in the President's chair, or even an Earl Browder. He has to fight them in order to effect the elementary reforms that may render capitalism a little more palatable and viable for a while. He cannot say, "Gentlemen, though you don't realize it, I am your own best friend." Therefore he has to resist them in order to keep them from rendering government altogether powerless, from turning democracy into a completely blind alley. His, apparently, is the genius to make such a defensive stand seem like a brilliant advance. That may be the necessary political service at the moment. But it is scarcely Armageddon.

The League's Dark Hour

IN A FORMAL and technical sense, this week is the most important in the whole history of the League of Nations. The Council and the Assembly have met to ratify the worst failure in the whole career of the Geneva body—the failure to prevent Italy's attack upon, and annexation of, Ethiopia. The sanctions theory, which probably would not have worked even if it had been given a complete trial, but was never attempted except halfheartedly, is to be dropped. Various proposals are in the air for creating what would amount to a series of regional Leagues in various parts of the world (one of which might be Mr. Roosevelt's Pan-American body). What will come of these suggestions, if indeed they are anything more than an attempt to make the present failure seem a little less calamitous, remains to be seen. The same thing is true of the announcements that Great Britain and France propose to apply their own variation of the Stimson Doctrine to Italy's African adventure, by declining to give diplomatic recognition to Ethiopia's new status as a Roman province. Japan has got on quite well with Manchukuo, although not a single important power has acknowledged the existence of that puppet kingdom. It is hard to reconcile an intransigent attitude by Great Britain's Tory government with the naval and military understanding which, we are told, has already been reached with Mussolini. We shall be surprised if, six months hence, Italy still suffers any serious inconvenience in her operations through the disapproval of France, Great Britain, any other League member or the League itself.

It is not necessary, at this late date, to preach another funeral oration over the League. Everyone knows by now that from the beginning it never lived up to the idealistic visions of Woodrow Wilson and of the lesser folk throughout the world who pinned their hopes to it. It was made a part of an iniquitous peace treaty and its machinery was used to perpetuate the unjust terms of that treaty. For fifteen years, advocates of the League idea have been saying that through its machinery, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

injustices could and would be liquidated. Some of these injustices have indeed been ameliorated with the process of time, but not through the League's machinery or at the initiation of its most important member states. The process has worked the other way: the injustices have helped to create a Europe that has all but destroyed the remnants of the League idea. No one will ever be able to say just how much the attitude of the Allies, partly expressed through the League, helped to bring Hitler into power, but the share of responsibility must certainly be heavy.

Today, we have a European situation probably not much different from what we should see if the League had never existed. Nazi Germany is rearming at the utmost speed and seems bent upon dominating Central and Southeastern Europe, perhaps with the annexation of Austria and part of Czechoslovakia. Most Europeans think Hitler intends to make war upon Soviet Russia, and particularly if Japan should also attack her in Siberia. The old enmity between Germany and France continues and has perhaps been exacerbated by the coming to power in France of a government of which the German leaders are already beginning to speak scornfully as "Bolshevistic." Although Mussolini says that with the conquest of Ethiopia Italy is satisfied for the present, it is widely believed that he wants to be the overlord of the Danubian countries and that his ambitions in Southeastern Europe might easily bring him into conflict with Germany. France, dominated as always by the fear of Germany, sees the Little Entente slipping through her fingers, though she clings to her alliance with Soviet Russia. The Little Entente and the rest of Central Europe are waiting to see which way the cat will jump, preparing to range themselves on the side of the biggest battalions at the earliest possible moment. Amid this rotation of the kaleidoscope nothing is more startling than the change in Great Britain's influence in a year's time. Her fleet no longer controls the Mediterranean; she has been forced to share her reign with Mussolini. Her government is patently and badly frightened by the threat of a German aerial invasion. To the British questionnaire, sent more than two months ago, asking just what are Germany's intentions, Hitler has not even bothered to reply. British financial power is still supreme, and will count heavily in the tug-of-war among the nations; but at least until her armament program is completed, British military strength, in the light of recent technological advances in war, remains only a question mark.

No one can predict with certainty what the next moves on the European chessboard will be. Germany has already suggested a new Locarno applying to the West only, a scheme that Hitler evidently believes would free his hands for an attack upon Soviet Russia. A future French government—surely not this one—might abandon Soviet Russia for the sake of France's own security, if it thought Hitler's word on a treaty were worth anything. Great Britain, intent now upon her own security, may come to an understanding with Germany of which the present naval treaty would be the initial step. Ironic as it may seem, the speed of Russian armament both on her Western and Eastern fronts may be the decisive factor in keeping the peace a few years longer. If she is prepared to fight with Japan and Germany simultaneously, the general war may be postponed.

But the most for which we can hope, as things are now going, is a postponement. Never in history have all the nations, including the United States, been arming at such a furious pace. Not in many years have we seen more clearly the existence of two rival alliances confronting one another. In the Fascist countries bad conditions at home continue to tempt their rulers into foreign adventure and Mussolini's success in "getting away with it" will certainly be an encouragement to Hitler and the dominant clique in Japan. If under these circumstances war can be averted more than a few years, it will be a miracle.

Steel Declares War

IT IS unlikely that anyone will be overwhelmed with surprise by the declaration of the steel industry, issued early this week through the American Iron and Steel Institute, that it will use every resource at its command to prevent the steel workers from being organized. That is precisely the policy it has followed for more than twenty years, a policy it has never failed to back up with force and brutality and intimidation of every description. The statement of the steel industry declares that the drive for an industrial union, headed by John L. Lewis and the Committee for Industrial Organization, threatens to produce industrial strife. The steel employers undoubtedly know whereof they speak, for they make it perfectly clear that they have no intention of letting their workers organize peacefully and freely. So long as an industry is in the hands of men so minded, industrial strife is inevitable.

The purpose of the Iron and Steel Institute's pronouncement, of course, is to enlist public support. "The steel industry," the statement reads, "believes in collective bargaining, and it is in effect throughout the industry. The overwhelming majority of the employees of the steel industry recently participated in annual elections under their own representation plans and elected their representatives for collective bargaining." Some of the public may be taken in by this pleasant fable, but the steel workers recognize the farcical nature of these elections, in which the only choice permitted is a choice of company-union representatives. Legitimate A.F. of L. unions are barred from the ballot. At this moment there is a strike of some 5,000 employees of the Wheeling Steel Corporation at Portsmouth, Ohio, against the Departmental Councils—or representation plan—in effect there. The strike began more than a month

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ago when the company refused to abide by an order of the National Labor Relations Board to dissolve its company union.

The Board's decision explains not only why the men are striking but also why the steel industry is now defending so strenuously this form of "collective bargaining." The decision, handed down on May 12 and ignored by the company, said in part:

> We are convinced that the respondent [the Wheeling Steel Corporation] initiated the formation of the Departmental Councils and the General Council, and that by means of financial support, by favoritism and subtle devices of coercion it is sustaining the life of those organizations. . . . The respondent in organizing and supporting a labor organization has interfered with the rights of its employees. But it has gone further. Its general manager, its superintendents, its foremen consistently and continuously have shown the hostility of the respondent to the Amalgamated Association and the Lodges [A.F. of L. locals]. Foremen have been ordered to prefer Council men to union men; a foreman who gave a union man a good job was demoted; Council men received better wage rates than union men doing equivalent work; men were told that it was against the rules of the respondent to join the Amalgamated Lodges and that they must join the Departmental Councils. To an official of a Departmental Council, a general superintendent suggested the wrecking of Lodge headquarters.

These are the conditions that the Iron and Steel Institute would presumably like to perpetuate when it declares that it will "protect its employees and their families from intimidation, coercion and violence" and keep them "free from interference from any source." The Wheeling Corporation offers, however, a very mild sample of the means used by the steel industry to keep its employees "free from coercion." The Jones and Laughlin Steel Corporation has exhibited far greater versatility in this matter in its efforts to suppress genuine unionism at its plant in Aliquippa, Pennsylvania. It used what the National Labor Relations Board was compelled to describe as "systematic and violent terroristic action." The decision of the Board, in which it ordered the reinstatement of ten active members of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, describes the protective policy of Jones and Laughlin in some detail. The policy was apparent immediately after the Amalgamated began to organize the Aliquippa workers in the fall of 1934 and expressed itself in the following manner:

> Officers of the union and organizers who came into Aliquippa were followed by the private police of the respondent—the "J. and L. Police." The more important union officers were honored by the respondent with permanent shadows and were followed even into the neighboring town of Ambridge, where they carried on their activities because of the difficult situation in Aliquippa. The house of Gerstner, the financial secretary, at which an organization meeting had been held, was surrounded day and night by the J. and L. Police, and the employment agent of the respondent sat near Gerstner's doorway noting down the names of those who entered the house. Persons coming out of the house were questioned. Some were mysteriously beaten and hit on the head while walking in the streets.

The Jones and Laughlin Steel Corporation, which is represented on the board of directors of the Iron and Steel Institute, was so concerned with preserving the rights of its employees to collective bargaining that union officers and organizers found it impossible, in August and September of 1934, to obtain a public place in Aliquippa for a union meeting. They were refused the use of meeting halls and even of open lots, were forced to go to Ambridge. Scarcely a month after the invalidation of the N.I.R.A., the company began a series of discharges of active union members and officers. "In nearly every case," the Labor Board's decision concludes, "the pattern is the same. The victim is an old employee—the least length of service seems to have been six years, the longest twenty-six years. During his entire employment he has served to the apparent satisfaction of the respondent. Then suddenly with seeming caprice he is discharged for a routine fault or omission, to which, normally, slight penalty or no penalty attaches. . . . By such acts, the respondent has interfered with . . . and coerced its employees."

By means of the present industrial-union drive, the steel workers have an opportunity, for the first time in more than a decade, to put an end to the industrial tyranny they are now subjected to. They are not likely to be taken in by the publicity releases of the Steel Institute, but those releases show clearly enough that a battle of major proportions is in the making. There is talk in the steel industry of a possible wage increase, of vacations with pay and other concessions to take the edge off strike sentiment. The industry even boasts of wage rates higher than in 1929. The steel workers know, however, that yearly earnings are far below 1929 and that their right to collective bargaining has no real meaning. Some two hundred organizers of the Committee for Industrial Organization are now in the field organizing for a fight that will pit 500,000 workers against the vested interests of a $5,000,000,000 industry.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1936, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 40 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HAMILTON BASSO H. N. BRAILSFORD JOHN DEWEY
JOHN T. FLYNN WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN
W. P. MANGOLD JON. MITCHELL LEWIS MUMFORD
REXFORD G. TUGWELL

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Roosevelt's Convention

FOR SIX days last week, high above the sooty Philadelphia roofs, the angels of light and darkness struggled for the soul of the New Deal. Ticket-holders who hoped that the angel of light would win by a clean knockout may have been disappointed. This did not happen. But, judged by blows delivered and taken round by round, the angel of light won by a comfortable margin.

At the Republican convention in Cleveland last month, an oil producer and the head of a steel company, with nearby rooms, had the power of veto. They did not control the convention, but nothing could be done they disapproved of. The most important hotel room in Philadelphia was that of shock-haired, bush-browed John L. Lewis. Mr. Lewis and his colleagues, to all appearances, were the one group that no one dared risk alienating. It is the first time a union leader has had such power in the presidential convention of a major party.

The traditional Democratic Party that elected Mr. Roosevelt nearly four years ago was an intermittent alliance of three disparate factions: the South, where it represented ancient agriculture and new, brutal industry; the East, where it controlled the big-city poor; and the West, where it represented soft-money, debt-ridden farmers. It had no single viewpoint, and had included, with some ill feeling, Mr. Thomas Fortune Ryan at one end and Mr. William Jennings Bryan at the other. During the six days of Philadelphia, that Democratic Party died, or seemed to die. The South revolted, perhaps permanently; the East drew back into watchful quiescence; the faction of the West alone stayed loyal. There was born, or seemed to be born, a party of new men, the principles and future of which will be determined in the next few months.

For a United States Senator, his party's national convention is like Easter-morning service for a church deacon—something he attends involuntarily. Yet nearly a third of the Democratic membership of the Senate either boycotted Philadelphia, or came with covert hostility to Mr. Roosevelt. Frail, viper-tongued Carter Glass would not serve on the resolutions committee. Slow, vast Cotton Ed Smith lumbered from the convention floor when a Negro appeared on the speakers' platform. Senators George of Georgia and Joe Bailey of North Carolina fought coldly, savagely, against the New Deal.

Through the convention hotels floated the story of Senator Fletcher's funeral in Florida, a few days before the convention met, and how members of the senatorial delegation present had later met in all-night session, resolving to save the Southern Democracy of public utilities, textile mills, rubber factories and steel foundries from Mr. Roosevelt. They had sworn to capture the party's state committees in the primaries of 1938, and themselves name the delegates to the 1940 convention. The abrogation of the century-old two-thirds rule at Philadelphia, jeopardizing their plans, evoked the only storm of No's at the convention.

Eastern big business is Republican, but it always has had—through Tammany and other metropolitan machines—a subsidiary partnership in the Democratic Party. General Electric, with Mr. Owen D. Young and Mr. Gerard Swope, and International Business Machines, with Mr. Thomas J. Watson, highest-paid executive in the world, are traditionally Democratic. In addition, every great concern, from J. P. Morgan downwards, has a Democrat among its partners and chief officers. A very few of these business-men Democrats were at Philadelphia, and they were highly non-committal.

"What is there to say?" an officer of a million-dollar company rumbled. "It's better than even money that Roosevelt will be reëlected. We are still Democrats, and we can still talk to him." With hardly a pause, he added, "John Lewis thinks he is a messiah." He finished angrily, "Who is advising Roosevelt now?" and answered himself, "No one."

The number of full-time, professional lobbyists in Philadelphia exceeded those in Cleveland by ten to one. I did not confirm it, but I was reliably told that it was possible to walk from the roof garden on the eighteenth floor of the chief convention hotel down to the main lobby without ever being an arm's reach from a glass and a dish of pretzels. They were all there, from Mr. Bruce Kremer, who succeeded in having himself photographed between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Farley at the last Jackson Day dinner, down to the ex-secretaries of yokel Congressmen. With a world naval race about to start, Mr. William B. Shearer was omnipresent, seeming again his jaunty self. Chiefly the lobbyists seemed to be engaged in entertaining each other, but they were, naturally enough, anti-New Deal. According to report, a fight took place in the resolutions subcommittee over the insertion of a phrase, sponsored by Senator George of Georgia, denying disapproval of privately owned utilities. In the early hours of Thursday morning—the subcommittee sat until 5 a. m.—Mr. George's endurance was rewarded, and the phrase went in. By late afternoon, however, when the platform was made public, the phrase was gone, apparently on orders from the White House.

Mr. Roosevelt's lack of sympathy with the Tories of the South and Eastern big business, and his friendliness toward labor, represent no change on his part. What happened at Philadelphia—if anything happened—was that the South and business East moved away from him. The South will still go Democratic in November, and a Business Men's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Committee for the Reëlection of Roosevelt will undoubtedly be formed, with impressive Eastern names on it. Prudence will dictate this; Mr. Roosevelt is the probable President for the next four years. But, if appearances mean anything, neither the South nor Eastern business will mourn if he is defeated, and will not support his policies if he wins. Eventually Mr. Roosevelt and the new party forming around him will have to search for other bases of support. In the last few days, the personal bond between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Lewis has been firmly reëstablished, but this is less important than the seeming evidence at Philadelphia that the C.I.O., with its potentialities for organizing the mass of industrial workers, is exercising a stronger gravitational pull on Mr. Roosevelt than any other element in the national life.

The state Democratic organization in Pennsylvania, created from nothing in the last eight years by the revolt of independent Republicans against the Mellons, Grundys and Pews, set the emotional tone at Philadelphia. The Pennsylvania organization contains scarcely a hint of the Toryism of other states. The Lieutenant-Governor is a miner, a trusted colleague of Mr. Lewis. Many of the state and county committeemen are union leaders. In a hotel room, I listened to a discussion by union members from New York of third-party prospects in 1940. A Philadelphia union member, sprawled on the bed, interrupted. "In 1940," he said, "the Democratic Party will be the Farmer-Labor Party. We own it right now." This complete assurance of the Pennsylvania Democrats, the reader should be warned, may have given a militancy to the convention that was partially unreal.

What the rank-and-file delegates, as a group, thought of the new party taking form beneath their noses is a difficult matter to judge. According to an estimate, slightly more than five hundred postmasters were in attendance. If Mr. Roosevelt had announced for cannibalism and head-hunting, they would have cheered, and appeared at the evening session with nose-rings, spears and iron kettles, leading a pair of plump missionaries. The publicity experts of the Democratic National Committee succeeded largely in dehumanizing the remainder of the rank-and-file delegates. In order to obtain special newspaper coverage and pictures in each of the states, some fifty-five seconding speeches were made to Mr. Roosevelt's nomination, a process that took the heart from many a man and woman, as well as permanently affecting his or her throat and feet. The publicity experts seem to have been responsible for dragging out the convention for five days, their notion being to obtain as many inches of newspaper space and minutes of radio time as possible.

Two things, however, shed light on the delegates' feelings. The sourest applause of the convention went to Senator Joe T. Robinson, the permanent chairman, who was at least partly responsible for the death of the second Guffey coal bill, and who has persistently refused to censure the flogging of sharecroppers in his home state, Arkansas. The most spontaneous applause went to Governor Earle of Pennsylvania, now perhaps closer to the organized labor movement than any other Democratic state executive. Mr. Earle made an excellent labor speech, and overnight became the party's ranking crown prince.

Throughout the sessions, the word "Landon" evoked mild jeers; the words "Al Smith" brought thunderous, deep-throated boos. The displaying of Al Smith banners in the upper gallery—reputedly by Republican guerrillas from South Philadelphia—released a burst of wild fury. Men were knocked headlong down the steep tiers of seats and badly bruised, while delegates shrieked for blood.

The only true test of the new Democratic Party was Mr. Roosevelt's acceptance speech, made not before the delegates, although they were present, but before the common people of Philadelphia. One hundred and ten thousand men, women and children jammed into Franklin Field, perhaps the largest political meeting ever held in this country, and only exceeded by the great people's festivals of Soviet Russia, and the compulsory mass drills of fascism.

Shortly after nine o'clock, Mr. Garner, as thoroughgoing an opponent of the New Deal as exists in the country, accepted the nomination as Vice President. As he finished, Mr. Roosevelt appeared on the platform—for most people, a needle-point of pink face under white-hot movie lamps. The stands fell into comparative silence, and, in a minute or two, that rich, full voice, with its curious suggestion of twang, had reached out like the scoop of an infinitely great steam shovel and drawn the crowd to him. Perhaps overprettified in phrase ("a rendezvous with destiny"), the speech was miraculously skillful in its appeal to simple emotions. He had great responsibilites, but the people had worked hard and been brave, too. They were beset by economic royalists, bad men like those our fathers fought in 1776. These economic royalists would not permit economic democratization (Mr. Rosevelt's gloss for industrial democracy). He would fight the economic royalists, and meantime he would love his listeners, and he hoped that they would love one another and him. That was all, and the crowd was rapturous.

White House attaches report that Mr. Roosevelt worked parts of four or five days on his speech. He gave it more care and time than any other he has made. Before 110,000 people on Franklin Field, it did all that words could do. In consciously solemn terms, a new party was established, and new issues—at least in major party politics—were defined. As Mr. Roosevelt approached the speech's end, his voice slipped into the singing cadence of a preacher, and over what seemed an acre of stands, I saw heads bent with the appearance of meditation and reverence. Whatever may be its future significance, nothing quite like it has happened in this country.

Philadelphia. JONATHAN MITCHELL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The S. E. C. Unmasks the Brokers

THE Securities and Exchange Commission, which has been in existence for nearly two years, has finally gotten around to the heart of its problem. It has arrived at the point where it is confronted with the man in the machine—the broker. It is this person—mysterious to the public and not too well known to Wall Street itself—who makes the exchange a problem. And the business of regulating exchanges consists largely in understanding what a broker is, defining him and doing away with all of those dangerous and extra-brokerage functions he now performs. It is for this reason that the report of the Commission on "the feasibility and advisability of the complete segregation of the functions of dealer and broker" is much the most important thing it has yet done.

The original Securities and Exchange Act as drafted and introduced (Sec. 10) prohibited any member of a stock exchange to act as a dealer or underwriter and any specialist to act in any other capacity than as a broker or to execute any other than a fixed-price order.

I got that provision into the Act myself. But it was later taken out when Mr. Roosevelt's Treasury Department began its dental operations on the bill. Instead, the Commission was directed to study the specialist and the whole general subject of segregating broker and dealer functions. Now the Commission has made at least a partial report on that important subject and it confirms practically all of the propositions laid down by those who demanded action on this subject.

I say it is the most important business of the Commission. And the reason, I think, is obvious. An exchange that consisted of brokers who were limited to executing the buying and selling orders of the public would be a socially useful instrument in the capitalist money economy. But this is not what we have. We have an exchange in which a few of the members are brokers and nothing more, while almost all of them are heavy speculators for their own account; where perhaps a third represent public buyers as agents and at the same time carry on extensive speculations for their own profit, and where the balance are primarily speculators, some openly as floor traders, others covertly as floor brokers and specialists, all using the instrumentalities of the market place to buy and sell and gradually unload their holdings upon the public they are supposed to represent and serve. This is not a public utility, but a public abomination. Until this is corrected, all talk of regulating exchanges is so much idle talk. The exchange itself will, of course, give you all sorts of cleverly invented reasons why these vicious practices must exist. But they are all based on a series of assumptions which no one, up to now, has been able to test and which no one has offered a single scrap of data to support. The attitude of the exchange is, of course, understandable. This is their business, the way their members make a living and grow rich. It would be strange indeed if they could not think of reasons why they should go on flourishing.

First, the Commission has discovered that exchange members of all types speculate heavily for their own accounts. For instance, the Commission compelled exchange members to give a full account of their own transactions between June 24 and December 14, 1935. They discovered that in all of the trading done in that period, exchange members averaged for their own accounts from 21.8 percent to 26.3 percent weekly.

This corresponds with my own discoveries when studying the Stock Exchange for Mr. Ferdinand Pecora in 1933. I found that in the month of July, 1933, 27.5 percent of trading was by exchange members and firms for their own accounts. The slight discrepancy is more than explained by the fact that I included specialists' orders in the stocks in which they specialized and the Commission excluded them.

These are the average figures. In the case of particular stocks it was found that members' trading totaled as high as 41 percent of all sales and purchases on the Stock Exchange and as high as 43 percent on the Curb. The charge we have insisted on—that members trading on the floor enjoy competitive advantages over their customers—has been found to be well grounded by the Commission.

Second, the Commission finds that the old fiction that this floor trading performed a useful function by providing a continuous market is really a fiction. I have repeatedly pointed out that floor trading runs with the market—particularly in the case of floor traders as such, who merely go with the market. The Commission finds "that in active stocks, it would seem that floor trading might be eliminated without materially impairing the continuity of prices since the public interest in such stock is sufficiently broad to ensure a continuous market. Floor trading might add greatly to the continuity of the market for inactive stocks, but it is precisely these stocks that members avoid because they offer little opportunity for in-and-out trading." The Commission finds that "members for their own account, during the period studied, traded with the daily price trend more frequently than against it, and thus tended more frequently to accentuate the trend of market prices."

It is unfortunate that the Commission, with its great powers, did not go far more fully and with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

greater particularity into this question. Such a job would have required a very large appropriation of its resources and a large staff. But for some reason the Commission provided no important number of men to push the study beyond the limits reached by Mr. Pecora.

One of the greatest errors that can be committed by the student of the stock market is to content himself with studying averages and general statistics. The energies of stock-market operators, both in and out of the exchange, like the energies of short-sellers, are not directed against the market as a whole, but against particular stocks and in particular situations. The vast damage done to outsiders, speculators as well as investors, is done in those particular situations and in small groups of stocks. The part played by floor traders in the operations of pools and joint accounts, flyers in special stocks, secondary distribution and so on should have been studied in detail.

The most important finding, of course, has to do with the combination of the functions of dealer and broker. Here the Commission makes it clear that there is an obvious hostility between the broker's character as agent and his character as a principal acting for himself and speculating in the same market in which he appears as agent for his customers. It recognizes the fiduciary character of the broker and leaves no doubt that it believes there should be segregation.

But there is a strange willingness to compromise with its own conclusions, its own inescapable philosophy. After pointing out the abuses that are "incident to these multiple relationships"—the same men, the same firm acting as commission brokers, personal speculators, investment bankers and underwriters, investment counsel and investment trust managers—it adds in a burst of watery timidity: "Abuses incident to these multiple relationships are held in check by the standards of business conduct prevailing among reputable commission brokers. . . . Nevertheless, such abuses have not been uncommon in the past."

Here is a masterpiece of understatement. Uncommon! They constitute, as the Commission well knows, one of the most sordid and outrageous chapters in the history of American finance. And it was out of that very episode of betrayals that the structure of the Commission arose. There are reputable houses in Wall Street that do not permit their partners to speculate for their own accounts. That is honest business practice. Beyond that the prevailing ethics on this score was one of the weird phenomena of American civilization in the twenties—the insouciance with which even the most reputable bankers in all cities, the most reputable brokers, threw into the ashcan the age-old ethical principle that even the honest man ought not to attempt to represent hostile parties. The last place in the world to permit such laxity is in the money markets, where men are rushing madly in their pursuit of money.

The weakest part of the report is that relating to the specialist. What facts and data the Commission had are not easy to determine, all is so obscured under the labored effort of the Commission to avoid acting on the specialist's case. The delay and failure of the Commission to deal with this grave problem are the blackest marks against it and marks that one day it must face.

The Commission considers all the objections to the specialist acting as a trader. Apparently it concurs in all of them. It finds that the man who acts both as specialist and as trader is occupying hostile roles. That alone should settle the argument. In the present state of our business morals no public institution or commission can take the responsibility of condoning such a practice.

The Commission finds that the specialist has advantages as a trader greater than those of the outsider and greater even than those of the commission broker or floor trader, by reason of his book. It finds that he has exceptional opportunities to engage in manipulative activity; that he traded against the daily trend more often than with it but that when he traded with his own book he tended to augment the spread between bid and asked prices. It also finds that the contention that specialists must be permitted to trade for themselves, and thus make profits to offset the losses arising out of their operations as specialists, is quite inconclusive.

But the Commission holds that since the S.E.C. Act went into effect it has found little evidence of such manipulative activity. This in spite of the fact that in the three cases instituted by the Commission against exchange members for manipulation, in each case the specialist was involved. And the report reveals no evidence anywhere that the activity of specialists in manipulations was even investigated as part of the study.

But after all this, the Commission decides upon a futile gesture of regulation. Its recommendations are hardly credible as coming from practical men. It proposes to force brokers to abstain from trading in shares while on the floor. They may, however, trade for themselves while not on the floor, and their firms and their partners may trade for themselves and may even give the orders to the exchange member of the firm. Naïveté can go no farther.

When trading for themselves, brokers must maintain fully margined accounts, which is something, but is not important.

As to specialists, the most amazing rule is proposed. The specialist is recognized as filling the contradictory roles of agent and principal. This, of course, is chiefly so when he is trading in the shares of which he acts as specialist and hence as agent. But the Commission holds that he must not engage in buying and selling any shares other than those in which he acts as agent. For all practical purposes, it does literally nothing about the specialist. It proposes to leave this subject to the device of making rules to govern the specialist and in the very next breath insists that many rules governing trading are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

futile since it is impossible to enforce them.

And, of course, as regards the fact that floor traders are permitted to remain on the floor to act as speculators for their own accounts, the Commission passes over this subject altogether. And it proposes to do nothing about preventing brokerage firms from acting as investment-trust managers, underwriters, distributors and investment counsel.

On this point it seems to me the Commission has closed the whole case by admitting that all of those multiple functions are contradictory and hostile. The man who, in 1936, is willing to believe that such contradictory functions can be either honestly or intelligently performed in Wall Street is more innocent than a member of a government commission should be. The experience of all history is against it. Business houses will not permit their own employees to operate on this principle. Here and there the very wise and the very honest man can be found who may be entrusted with such duties, but the general run of men, particularly when in hot pursuit of quick wealth, ought not to be subjected to the temptations such a position presents.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

The Campers at Kitty Hawk

ON DECEMBER 17, 1903, Bishop Wright of the United Brethren, onetime editor of The Religious Telescope, received in his frame house on Hawthorn Street in Dayton, Ohio, a telegram from his boys Wilbur and Orville who'd gotten it into their heads to spend their vacations in a little camp out on the dunes of the North Carolina coast tinkering with a mancarrying kite they'd knocked together themselves. The telegram read:

. SUCCESS FOUR FLIGHTS THURSDAY MORNING ALL AGAINST TWENTYONE MILE WIND STARTED FROM LEVEL WITH ENGINEPOWER ALONE AVERAGE SPEED THROUGH AIR THIRTYONE MILES LONGEST FIFTYSEVEN SECONDS INFORM PRESS HOME CHRISTMAS.

The figures were a little wrong because the telegraph operator misread Orville's hasty penciled scrawl

but the fact remains

that a couple of young bicycle mechanics from Dayton, Ohio,

had designed constructed and flown

for the first time ever a practical airplane.

After running the motor a few minutes to heat it up I released the wire that held the machine to the track and the machine started forward into the wind. Wilbur ran at the side of the machine holding the wing to balance it on the track. Unlike the start on the 14th, made in a calm, the machine, facing a twenty-seven-mile wind, started very slowly. . . . Wilbur was able to stay with it until it lifted from the track after a forty-foot run. One of the lifesaving men snapped the camera for us, taking a picture just as it reached the end of the track and the machine had risen to a height of about two feet. . . . The course of the flight up and down was extremely erratic, partly due to the irregularities of the air, partly to lack of experience in handling this machine. A sudden dart when a little over a hundred and twenty feet from the point at which it rose in the air ended the flight. . . . This flight lasted only twelve seconds but it was nevertheless the first in the history of the world in which a machine carrying a man had raised itself by its own power into the air in full flight, had sailed forward without reduction of speed and had finally landed at a point as high as that from which it started.

A little later in the day the machine was caught in a gust of wind and turned over and smashed, almost killing the coastguardsman who tried to hold it down;

it was too bad

but the Wright brothers were too happy to care;

they'd proved that the damn thing flew.

When these points had been definitely established we at once packed our goods and returned home, knowing that the age of the flying machine had come at last.

They were home for Christmas in Dayton, Ohio, where they'd been born into a family settled west of the Alleghenies since 1814; in Dayton, Ohio, where they'd been to grammarschool and highschool and joined their father's church and played baseball and hockey and worked out on the parallel bars and the flying swing and sold newspapers and built themselves a printing press out of odds and ends from the junkheap and flown kites and tinkered with mechanical contraptions and gone around town as boys doing odd jobs to turn an honest penny.

The folks claimed it was the Bishop's bringing home a helicopter, a fifty-cent mechanical toy made of two fans worked by elastic bands that was supposed to hover in the air, that had gotten his two youngest boys hipped on the subject of flight

so that they stayed home instead of marrying like the other boys did, and puttered all day about the house picking up a living with job printing,

bicycle repair work,

sitting up late nights reading books on aerodynamics.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Still they were sincere churchmembers,
their bicycle business was prosperous,
a man could rely on their word. They were well thought of in Dayton.

In those days flying machines were the chuckle of all the crackerbarrel philosophers.

Langley's and Chanute's unsuccessful efforts had been jeered down with an I-told-you-so that rang from coast to coast.

The Wrights' big problem was to find a place secluded enough to carry on their experiments without being the horse laugh of the countryside. Then they had no money to spend;
they were practical mechanics; when they needed anything they built it themselves.
They hit on Kitty Hawk,
on the great dunes and sandy banks that stretch south towards Hatteras seaward of Albemarle Sound,
a vast stretch of seabeach
empty except for coastguard stations, a few fishermen's shacks and the swarms of mosquitoes and the ticks and chiggers in the crabgrass behind the dunes
and overhead the gulls and swooping terns, in the evening fishhawks and cranes flapping across the saltmarshes, occasionally eagles
that the Wright brothers followed soaring with their eyes
as Leonardo watched them centuries before
straining his sharp eyes to apprehend
the laws of flight.

Four miles across the loose sand from the scattering of shacks the Wright brothers built themselves a camp and a shed for their gliders. It was a long way to pack their groceries, their tools, anything they happened to need; in summer it was hot as blazes, the mosquitoes were hell;
but they were alone there
and they'd figured out that the loose sand was as soft as anything they could find to fall in.

There with a glider made of two planes and a tail in which they lay flat on their bellies and controlled the warp of the planes by shimmying their hips, taking off again and again all day from a big dune named Kill Devil Hill,
they learned to fly.
Once they'd managed to hover for a few seconds
and soar ever so slightly on a rising aircurrent
they decided the time had come to put in a motor.

Back in their shop in Dayton, they had built an air tunnel (their first great contribution to the science of flying) and tried out model planes in it.

They couldn't interest any builders of gasoline engines so they had to build their own motor. It worked.

After that Christmas of 1903 the Wright brothers weren't doing it for fun any more; they gave up their bicycle business, got the use of a big old cowpasture belonging to the local banker for practice flights, spent all the time when they weren't working on their machine in promotion, worrying about patents, infringements, spies, trying to interest government officials, to make sense out of the smooth, involved, heartbreaking remarks of lawyers.

In two years they had a plane that would cover twenty-four miles at a stretch round and round the cowpasture.

People on the interurban car used to crane their necks out of the windows when they passed along the edge of the field, startled by the clattering pop pop of the old Wright motor and the sight of the white biplane like a pair of ironingboards, one on top of the other, chugging along a good fifty feet in the air. The cows soon got used to it.

As the flights got longer
the Wright brothers got backers
engaged in lawsuits,
lay in their beds at night sleepless with the whine of phantom millions, worse than the mosquitoes at Kitty Hawk.

In 1907 they went to Paris,
allowed themselves to be outfitted in dressuits and silk hats,
learned to tip waiters
talked with government experts, got used to gold braid and postponements and Vandyke beards and the outspread palms of politicos. For amusement
they played diabolo in the Tuileries gardens.

They gave publicized flights at Fort Myers, where they had their first fatal crackup, St. Petersburg, Paris, Berlin; at Pau they were all the rage
such an attraction that the hotelkeeper
wouldn't charge them for their room.
Alfonso of Spain shook hands with them and was photographed sitting in the machine,
King Edward watched a flight,
the Crown Prince insisted on being taken up,
the rain of medals began.
They were congratulated by the Tsar
and the King of Italy and the amateurs of sport, and the society climbers and the papal titles
and decorated by a society for universal peace.
Aeronautics became the sport of the day.

The Wrights don't seem to have been impressed by the upholstery and the braid and the gold medals and the parades of plush horses,
they remained practical mechanics
and insisted on doing all their own work themselves,
even to filling the gasoline tank.

In 1911 they were back on the dunes
at Kitty Hawk with a new glider
Orville stayed up in the air for nine and a half minutes, which remained a long time the record for motorless flight.

The same year Wilbur died of typhoid fever in Dayton.

In the rush of new names: Farnum, Blériot, Curtiss, Ferber, Esnault-Peletrie, Delagrange;

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the snorting impact of bombs and the whine and rattle of shrapnel and the sudden stutter of machineguns after the motor's been shut off overhead,
and we flatten into the mud
and make ourselves small, cowering in the corners of ruined walls,
the Wright brothers passed out of the headlines;
but not even headlines or the bitter smear of newsprint or the choke of smokescreen and gas or chatter of brokers on the stockmarket or barking of phantom millions or oratory of brasshats laying wreaths on new monuments
can blur the memory
of the chilly December day
two shivering bicycle mechanics from Dayton, Ohio,
first felt their homemade contraption,
whittled out of hickory sticks,
gummed together with Arnstein's bicycle cement,
stretched with muslin they'd sewn on their sister's sewing machine in their own backyard on Hawthorn Street, in Dayton, Ohio,
soar into the air
above the dunes and the wide beach
at Kitty Hawk.

JOHN DOS PASSOS.

By-Passing the Courts

IF ONE of these days you are handed a summons—and it happens to the best of men—you'll suffer an instant of acute terror and then you'll wonder what you're going to do about it. Not every layman is aware of it, but there is one thing you *can* do, once a legal battle is inevitable. Instead of worrying along through the frustration, delay and expense of going to court, you can, if your opponent is willing, arbitrate—thus saving months, perhaps years, of apprehension over the outcome, greatly reducing or even eliminating the expense of legal counsel, and saving your local taxpayers a minimum of $50 for every day your case would have been before a jury.

Suppose you become embroiled in a dispute that seems headed for the courts. You and your opponent decide to arbitrate. You write to the American Arbitration Association headquarters at 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and steps to complete the arbitration are taken at once. The hearing may take place at the headquarters of some local organization, perhaps a Chamber of Commerce. From the local panel, some arbitrator satisfactory to both sides is selected. In an important case, three arbitrators may serve: each side chooses one, the two selected choose a third, or the Association may appoint all three. If technical matters are involved, a man with the special knowledge required is chosen. Thus a case involving a bridge may be arbitrated by an engineer; a dispute over the quality of woolens, by a textile expert. You can have an attorney if you want one, and if you duly notify your opponent of your intention, but it isn't essential. Then the hearing is arranged and the matter is settled in an informal, businesslike fashion within a few weeks after the dispute first arose.

This short cut to justice was largely made possible by a group of leading New York business men who, in 1926, merged existing arbitration groups into the American Arbitration Association, and set out to establish a sound basis for the practice of arbitration. Arbitration had often been attempted before, but there was no standardized procedure or nation-wide machinery available. Many arbitrations had failed because the local laws were inadequate to enforce them.

These business men of 1926 revitalized the laws which provide that when men agree in writing to arbitrate, the courts are closed to them until they fulfill this obligation; and that when an award is made the courts will enforce it. In nearly all states some such laws are in effect.

Today the Association embraces a system of arbitration that reaches every corner of the United States and functions in nearly every industry. There are facilities in 1,600 cities, and there are 7,000 members of the official panel of arbitrators. The Association's arbitrators have been called upon to decide everything from the quality of ivory nuts to whether an actress' baby was an "act of God"; everything, in fact, that causes contending parties to clash in civil suit.

Arbitration is benefiting the public in a thousand ways it never suspects. An association of all the grain dealers has for years effected, through arbitration, savings that have indirectly resulted in lower prices for grain products. The building industry generally refers disputes to arbitration, thus reducing costs and ultimately helping the home builder. The same is true of manufacturers of textiles, with resultant savings on clothing prices. Even furs are less expensive because the New York trade has a very efficient system of arbitration. No claim is too large or too small for arbitration. Members of the New York Stock Exchange arbitrate claims that run into hundreds of thousands of dollars. A large cleaning and dyeing firm uses arbitration, settling claims often involving only a few dollars.

What might be accomplished by applying arbitration on a large scale was illustrated recently in New York City, when 2,500 cases pending in the lower courts, which were already two to four years behind, were transferred by the litigants to the American Arbitration Association.

Attending such a hearing, you would never guess that a lawsuit was being settled. You enter a quiet room, where several persons are seated about a long table: A woman has been injured in a department store, claiming negligence in the operation of an escalator. The matter is disposed of satisfactorily to both parties in less than an hour; a final verdict is rendered three weeks after the accident occurred.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where, you ask, are all the annoyances that usually go with a damage suit: the long delay before the case reaches the top of the docket, the technicalities of legal procedure, the harassed witnesses, befuddled jury, the overburdened judge? None of these is in evidence. And the most striking thing, to anyone who has spent any time in courtrooms, is that the case is called for two o'clock and it *begins* at two o'clock. There is no frenzied corralling of witnesses, clients and legal talent, only to have them sent home and called for another time; and none of the terrific expense that goes with these delays.

The net result achieved is threefold: aid to the overtaxed courts, immediate relief for injured claimants, and, since every case removed from the jury calendar is arbitrated at no cost to the city or state, a saving to taxpayers.

Because the Association has steadily sponsored a policy of providing for arbitration before the dispute arises, the inclusion of the "arbitration clause" is becoming general in the drawing of contracts. This clause provides that any future disagreement arising out of the contract must, if *either* party desires it, be arbitrated. In all but thirteen industrially important states, however, *both* parties must agree to arbitrate if litigation is to be avoided.

All arbitrations under the jurisdiction of the American Arbitration Association must follow prescribed rules. The necessity for a standard procedure is shown by an arbitration that was *not* under the Association's jurisdiction, recently heard by three self-styled "arbitrators" in a Western state. These gentlemen, operating under rules of their own, awarded a claimant $500—then claimed $450 of it for their services! Contrast this with the case arbitrated by five New York business men under Association rules. The total cost of the hearing was $950 for each party, on a claim of $2,000,000.

Under A.A.A. procedure, each party knows exact costs in advance. On claims under $500, the fee is $5; under $1,000, $10; it averages one percent of the amount involved. These payments go, not to the arbitrators, but to help support the Association, which is a non-profit organization.

The panel of 7,000 arbitrators is about as tamper-proof a group of men as it is possible to assemble. Headed by Owen D. Young, Herbert Hoover, Charles M. Schwab, Thomas J. Watson, Daniel Willard and Lucius R. Eastman, it extends down to business and professional leaders in local communities. Serving without compensation, their sole interest is in furthering the arbitration principle.

The arbitration movement has made an impressive record in ten years. It has cleared a straight, inexpensive route to civil justice for those who want to use it; it has lightened the burden of litigation expense on industry, consumer and taxpayer. But it has done more than that: it has taken a long stride toward restoring good will between parties who find it necessary to settle their difficulties legally.

FELIX WARBURG.

Washington Notes

Father Coughlin's Union Party—The Roman Catholic Church Enters Politics—Radio Priest into Autocrat

FATHER Coughlin's new Union Party is something like an excursion bus with faulty steering-gear and brakes; no one can foretell where it will go, and what damage it will do to its occupants and bystanders. Nevertheless, most observers here think it will chiefly injure Mr. Roosevelt. Rumors are already afloat that the Union Party is being secretly financed by Mr. Hearst and the Liberty League and that its sole purpose is to elect Mr. Landon.

Stranger things, of course, have happened in politics. However, there is another widely circulated theory about the Union Party that seems to me more worth attention. It is that the Union Party marks the deliberate entrance of the Roman Catholic Church into national politics. In its baldest form, the theory is that Mr. Al Smith and the wealthy Catholics associated with him—for example, Mr. John J. Raskob, partner of the du Ponts—have resolved to beat Mr. Roosevelt at any cost. While they themselves are attacking from the right, they have arranged through the Church for Father Coughlin to attack on the left.

Stated in this form, the rumor seems inaccurate to the point of libel. But underneath its black, partisan smoke, I am told there burns real fire. It is obviously misleading to imply that Mr. Al Smith, the church hierarchy or anyone else ordered Father Coughlin to launch the Union Party. Father Coughlin was wrigglingly eager for a new party, and needed no instigation. But—and this is the point to be considered—the Church did not stretch forth a restraining hand, as it might readily have done. Since the persecutions of the Know-Nothings of the fifties, the Church has made continued efforts not to become involved in presidential elections. This was conspicuously the case in Mr. Smith's campaign of 1928. This year, however, with Father Coughlin the Union Party's guiding spirit, the Church will necessarily be immersed in politics. A historic policy of Roman Catholicism in the United States has been reversed.

I am informed that the Church is inspired by two motives. The first is a reluctant respect for Father Coughlin's popular success. In his own behalf, Father Coughlin can argue that he is the first priest in America to make a genuine effort to carry out the social policies of the great Leo XIII, to lay the foundations of a Christian-Socialist movement, to organize a nucleus for a future Centrist Party. It is known that this appraisal is heartily accepted by Father Coughlin's immediate superior, Bishop M. J. Gallagher of Detroit. Apparently it is now accepted by many other members of the hierarchy. As far as can be discovered, during nearly twelve months there has been no disapproval of the multiplying units of the National Union for Social Justice. On the contrary, parish priests in many cases have seemed to encourage their followers to belong. Another bit of evidence is that the Union Party's candidate for Vice President, Mr. Thomas C. O'Brien, is from the diocese of Cardinal O'Connell, once Father Coughlin's bitter enemy. Probably the bishops, archbishops and cardinals of the East have lost none of their aversion for Father

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coughlin's doctrines. But they at least recognize him as a vital force in the Church—one that their traditional wisdom tells them should be used, rather than fought.

The second motive guiding the Church, I am told, has to do with the Vatican's world position. This has been unsatisfactory since the World War; lately it has perceptibly worsened. Contributions to the Vatican from Germany have been wholly cut off; those from Spain are drying up; the Left victory in France betokens no good for the Church. More serious, however, is the effect of the League's sanctions on the Vatican's revenues in Italy. For several years, the Vatican has had to lean heavily on the United States and its wealthy Catholic families, and this dependence seems likely to become greater, rather than less.

Such considerations as these, I think, illuminate the Church's present attitude. The knowledge that Father Coughlin intended to organize his Union Party must have stirred deep misgivings among the hierarchical leaders. They must have recalled the tacit bonds connecting the Church and the Democratic Party, and the fact that one of the Church's devout sons, Mr. Farley, is head of the Democratic organization. In their dilemma, it is not improbable that they consulted with the wealthy laymen of the Church—men whose support has become of great importance to the Vatican—and that they found them, like the wealthy of every sect, eager to overthrow Mr. Roosevelt. If such consultation took place, Mr. Smith would have been among those consulted. It is absurd to think that either he or any of the wealthy Catholics of the East instigated the Union Party. But it is also hard to believe that they exerted themselves to prevent it, as they unquestionably would have done in any other presidential year.

A final factor needs mentioning. There are a number of Church higher-ups, I am told, who feel justified in opposing Mr. Roosevelt on religious grounds. The sole request made of Mr. Roosevelt by the Church, as such, was one for an inquiry into alleged Catholic persecution in Mexico. This was refused, and Mr. Roosevelt thereafter persisted in keeping Mr. Josephus Daniels, regarded by the Church as a bigoted anti-Romanist, at Mexico City. This culminated, as you may recall, in an explosive attack on the administration by the Knights of Columbus. Moreover, two members of Mr. Roosevelt's family have divorced their spouses, and other members of his family have taken an alarming (to the Church) position on birth control.

The color of Catholicism given the Union Party at its inauguration by Father Coughlin might be less important if the party were, in fact, to be a union of varied groups. It will be an autocracy, however, with Father Coughlin as autocrat. Mr. Lemke, after a long, honorable career in the Non-Partisan League, has become little more than Father Coughlin's Washington agent. Dr. Townsend is being carried willy-nilly into the Union Party by Mr. Sheridan Downey and the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith, two political adventurers who think their prospects and pay will be better as Father Coughlin's hired men. As he constantly points out, Father Coughlin's program is the labor encyclical of Leo XIII, and it is clear that his models are the clerical parties of Europe. With great economic issues before the country for decision, the intrusion of religious controversy is an exceedingly dreary prospect.

Washington. T. R. B.

All the World Loves a Winnah

THERE is nothing on the screen this week, there is nothing anywhere this week, that for implications and sheer electric excitement can come up to the pictures of the Joe Louis-Max Schmeling fight, run off at the Yankee Stadium in New York, the night of June 19, as a foregone conclusion and box-office flop. People had stayed away in droves—from what turned out to be one of the fights of the century. But in any event it is here now in pictures. They had cameras well placed, both on a special elevated stand and just below the ring looking up; they had sound equipment to catch the crowd's roar outside in the dark and the abrupt, pregnant explosion of the major blows inside this unnatural square of light; they got all of it and have edited the several prints so that both the flow of action and its crucial points are developed on the screen, until tension is heavy in the audience and the illusion of attending the actual thing is complete.

The picture tells a more accurate story than could be got from even the first row of ringside seats: the camera eye is not subject to human excitement and fluctuations (if a handler leaps up in imprecation or horror it does not stray off), and what is more it is a collection of eyes seeing several sides, from right or left, close or far, capable through editing of registering the most significant.

In the picture you can see the biding restraint and driving power of arms and shoulders, the bodies weaving, surging, braced. You can see in perfect focus the deadly precision of Joe Lewis, weighing 198 pounds and moving like 140, also his one-two-three routine—a left to the body followed through, by some powerful flex of shoulder, into a left hook to the head, and the right coming in through the opening, bam. You can see in slow motion every step and blow following the first blow to stagger this fighting turret, the long-range salvo against the bones forward of his left ear which sent the Brown Bomber scuttling off backwards in queer little half-circles on his heels; and Schmeling moving up on him in a fury of attack and Louis melting under those blows like butter, seeking cover where there was none, blown wide open with a left and seeming in the slow motion to hang there for seconds as the right came in like a train of cars, bouncing him on the canvas.

In the camera record you can see the several low blows struck by Louis subsequently, and along with the worst of them the somehow touching picture of his remorse and mute reassurance to Max (one doesn't talk through a clenched mouthpiece) by throwing arms over his shoulders with futile pats of the glove. And you can see the kill as clear as crystal—Louis coming out wavering but still to be reckoned with as usual, his being driven back around the ring, knocked silly with the final direct hit, toddling like a baby under the pelting gloves, and then the last completely safe powerhouse sending him halfway around and down like a brick chimney.

These pictures of the fight must be among the best ever made; they are a night with the gladiators, a roundtrip to Mars, they are practically everything. And yet there is missing from their flat black-and-white motion across the screen something vital—whatever it took to make the fight a fight and the air charged with uncertainty, everybody there with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his nerves strung like a harp. Without the crowds and smoke and sharp cries growing through the preliminaries, the atmosphere becoming heavy as the fighters climb through the ropes in their bathrobes, the color and rough tangibility and spirit of the place, the recorded action becomes more like a wax-works, however true to life—a little ghoulish, like the acting out of a murder.

For one thing, the picture has been cut down so subtly that you would not know it if there were not the fact of its running time (33 minutes as against almost 40 of actual fighting, let alone introductions, throwbacks in slow motion, credit titles and shots taken between gongs); and in cutting they have somehow deleted the suspense we felt in the stadium, those interminable seconds of the first few minutes, where lightning might strike with the next move and few moves were made, the fighters feeling out and testing and blocking, many people yelling and the question silent in the air, When will it come?

For another thing, we know the outcome now; we are here only to see the bloody flux of its execution. The Brown Bomber having, as a matter of record, been practically grounded in the fourth round, we have no terror of him now. Joe Louis, as seen after the event, appears merely as a stubborn, doomed hulk, going through the motions and postponing the end, pitiful or ludicrous as the case may be.

Well it wasn't that way with us in the Stadium, where the idea of Joe Louis as the invincible torpedo died hard. We had been told. This Negro heavyweight is a sensation—young, purposeful, on the up-grade, backing weight with speed and speed with dynamite in both shoulders (speed and weight without that special slugger's leverage in the muscles of the shoulder and back are no good), and rounding it all off with an unflustered command of all the blows and their combinations and the angles from which they may be swung. And what is more, Louis is a killer, always has been a killer, sullen and cruelly efficient and heavy of eye. He doesn't grin, slap backs; doesn't have to.

Whereas Max Schmeling is thirty now, pretty old for a fighter. He has been The Champ but is champ no longer, and was never very glorious. What has he got? A right, a clumsy technique, and lead in his pants. So the sports-writers have a lot of fun with him. Well, well, one more day before they lay Maxie in his pine box. Der Big Max will come in like a lion and go out like a light they say, and laugh. Spare a laugh for poor old Max, with one doubtful right arm and one foot in the grave.

And so it took quite a long time for the idea to sink in that the newspaper boys must have been talking about somebody else. And still the tension held, for even after the seventh round the fight was no certainty, there were no wise guys at the time who jumped up and announced that the fight was in the bag. That man was still worth watching, and when he flicked a shoulder you could see Schmeling's head go back, hard. Louis was instinctively game and a living danger so long as the feet held up under him, and even in the last round managed to throw in a long right that would have mowed the whole working-press section down like a row of wooden soldiers. But not Max, he couldn't get Max down, and so as the people gradually caught on that Louis might be the Brown Bomber but old Max was outfighting and outlasting and gradually knocking the heart out of him, they began to shift, until Joe Louis as the peepul's favorite was lost sight of, during the last two or three rounds, by all except the Negroes in the audience, who were silent and seemed dazed.

The people weren't very decent about this fight. You wonder what they go for. You go yourself and are nervous as a chicken, more scared of Joe Louis than anybody who faced him in the ring. You watch the fight and don't know if it's Friday evening or San Francisco. And if you have a taste for imagination you imagine how the world of these two has shrunk to a right glove and a left glove and a tough weaving head above them, the yelling night air of the place falling away to a stillness of inhuman exertion and inner counsel (watch his right, watch his right, back a little and shift, watch, watch . . . just over the cheekbone, just below the ribs), to an almost visual chart of moves to make or block, and then the false move and the rain of blows, the giddy lights and whirling universe and gloves as big as box cars (get clear, get clear now, stay up, clinch for cover and stay up). And then the gradual shift to blackness, a nightmare of circling and blocking and striking out automatically, the body no longer under control as such, the remote movements of arms and legs coming as a dim surprise but as of no moment, the iron gloves in front and a painful brief rest in the seconds' corner with acid restoratives and rubs and slaps and out again. And then a heavy jar (get back, get away out, stay off) and then the big guns and a fall through space, thousands of faces through the ropes, a convulsion (*three, four, five*—the count, get up, knees up—*seven, eight*—knees up, try, move, get up) and the knees giving like jelly and the floor coming up and the body gone into it, nothing but distant noises, lights and rest with a bad throbbing.

But do people feel it this way, is there some such feeling for the tragedy of a man's being pounded groggy and the senses practically blown out of his body, some kind of awe or pity or something? It must be there is some, but it is certainly not vocal. Max Schmeling hasn't a chance so they come in yelling for Joe Louis (here and there a rebel voice going counter to the crowd); then in the theatre they know Louis was beaten raw, and so come in yelling for Max (slug him, Maxie, oh, it's murder, oh, slug him). And for that pitiful figure of a man wobbling around out of his senses with the head being blasted off his shoulders, for that proud two hundred pounds of fighting power and skill, tottering and fumbling and shooting its weak lefts at the moon, there is no more compassion evident than shows itself in the laughter to see him bounce grotesquely on the floorboards, the hoots for his rubber knees, the final anxious clapping and rooting for the kill.

Of course the boys are fighters in a prize ring, it's their job, they are paid for it: no use getting soft on the subject. But all this turning of coats to be on the winning side, all this mirth and high spirits in the face of a man's ambition and body being broken under spotlights—this is callous, knavish, the presence of it in this theatre disheartening, somehow obscene. It would seem that the main part of our boasted interest in boxing as an art and sport is simply a desire to see blood let and tissue bruised. And as to another one of our pet national qualities, may we not put it that we are always cheering for the underdog just so long as we can find an underdog who is a ten-to-one shot to come home ahead and on top—the winnah. OTIS FERGUSON.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Americanism—What Is It?

In The New Republic of June 3, we mentioned the dispute over a booklet on Americanism recently prepared for the American Legion in New York City. This booklet was written by Mr. C. LeRoy Baldridge, the noted artist, author and world traveler, for the New York County Committee of the Legion. The purpose was to distribute copies to some children in the public schools. Apparently no New York Legionnaire found anything objectionable in the pamphlet, but when it came to the hands of Mr. H. L. Chaillaux, director of the Legion's National Americanism Committee, Mr. Chaillaux practically burst a blood vessel. He objected, it seems, to the whole spirit of the booklet. He particularly objected to the picture of a "raised hand and flaming torch, with its striking similarity to the left-wing socialist emblem." Believe it or don't, Mr. Chaillaux has never heard of the torch of Liberty. He also objected, according to a letter he wrote Mr. Joseph V. McCabe, to the fact that the seventh paragraph seemed to put freedom of worship in a secondary place. At a subsequent meeting the New York County Committee refused its endorsement to the booklet, 77 to 66. In order that our readers may see just how far Mr. Chaillaux and his followers have departed from old American principles in their present attitude, we print below the full text of the booklet. We do this through the courtesy of the author and of Messrs. Farrar and Rinehart, New York City, who have published it in book form at 35 cents a copy.—THE EDITORS.

EVERY American Legionnaire pledges himself "to foster a 100-percent Americanism."

What is meant by "Americanism"?

This word is used by very different sorts of people. Courageous citizens, striving for the common welfare of mankind, proclaim their Americanism, and so do others scheming for the narrow and special interests of their own selfish crowd. These groups, holding contradictory ideas of Americanism, call each other un-American.

Yet to distinguish real Americanism from counterfeit is not difficult. The true American spirit—Americanism—is expressed in a determined and magnificent human struggle to achieve democracy, justice and liberty. The fundamental aim of this struggle is to maintain for all Americans the opportunity to enjoy the abundance of nature and to acquire such products of their coöperative labor as are essential to their life, liberty and pursuit of happiness.

Democracy means an equality of opportunity.

Justice means the equality of all before the law.

Neither democracy nor justice is possible without liberty. Liberty means opportunity for self-expression and self-development. It guarantees, among other freedoms, the freedom of religious worship, and above all else freedom of speech. Liberty demands freedom of speech because without freedom of speech there can be no search for the truth. This search is vital to Americanism; for unless great numbers of people constantly seek and discover new truths we cannot know how to make our world a better place in which to live.

Freedom of speech includes freedom of inquiry, freedom of discussion and, most important, freedom of education. The freedom of teachers to teach facts without bias and of scholars to learn facts without bias must never cease. Only by means of education, by knowing about all things, can we equip ourselves to search for and recognize the truth.

Never was it more necessary than now for all Americans to support their right to freedom of speech and freedom to listen and learn. We live in a period of bewildering changes. Some nations have shifted convulsively from one form of government to another overnight; others waver between various forms. We face the fact that many people, recently converted to new and undemocratic forms of government, are eager to bring about similar changes here in America. Some of their ideas may be new to us; some may seem dangerous. Nevertheless, believing in freedom of speech for others as well as for ourselves, we must not attempt to abuse or silence them.

Believing in freedom of speech, Americans practise tolerance. Tolerance is not a feeble or a negative virtue. It means "to bear." Sometimes it is difficult to bear with opinions which seem absurd or dangerous. Yet it is necessary to do so if we are to understand them and test them with our intelligence, make use of the good and discard the unsuitable. Out of this clash of opinion and this experimentation comes progress and truth. This is the first lesson in any science.

It is well for present-day Americans to remember that in America, as elsewhere in the world, some of the most sincere patriots have been abused by the intolerant of their own day, who made no effort to understand them. George Washington, as a British subject, holding ideas of liberty for the American Colonies, was abused as a traitor. The Abolitionists, seeking the freedom of the slaves, were denounced as fools and crooks by those who desired democracy, justice and liberty for themselves but not for people whose skins were of a different color. Abraham Lincoln once said: "The shepherd drives the wolf from the sheep's throat, for which the sheep thanks the shepherd as his liberator, while the wolf denounces him for the same act as the destroyer of liberty."

Our own history teaches us that great and good changes, marking advances in our civilization, have frequently resulted from ideas which, because they were new and different, were rejected by the intolerant.

We learn that the great man is that pioneer who has the foresight to make new plans and the courage to express his ideas for the use of society. We say that he is "ahead of his time." Americans, therefore, are not afraid of change. A society which does not permit change does not permit growth or improvement. It is dead.

When our American Constitution was drafted the Americans were less than 5,000,000 colonists, struggling to conquer nature in a world timed to the leisurely sailing vessel and oxcart. It was before the steamboat. Many are the changes which inventions and discovery have since wrought. Today we fly the mails to the Orient. No longer are we a handful of isolated colonists, working with primitive tools, but a great industrialized nation of over 125,000,000, linked to the rest of the world by radio, steamship and plane. Today the welfare of the peoples on the opposite side of the globe is of definite importance to our own welfare.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Invention and discovery have changed the life of our country. Invention and discovery will continue to bring about change. The heroic framers of the Constitution recognized this fact and made provisions for it. For they believed that change could be accomplished by means of orderly and democratic processes of government. Wise men know that the use of violence, producing chaos, is not only a savage but a wasteful, therefore stupid, means of bringing about change. Use of violence breeds more violence. If civilization is to develop, reason must take the place of brute force.

In a democracy citizens are not ruled by force and told by the State what they shall think. Americans, in their struggle for democracy, stand forever opposed to dictatorship by a person or by any special group. For dictatorship means the end of tolerance; it means the intolerant suppression, by an armed force, of democracy, justice and liberty.

Americans realize that the ideals of democracy, justice and liberty have not been completely attained. But we are not discouraged, for we know also that with the discovery of truths our imagination is trained, our minds learn to search for more and more truths. When the baby has learned to crawl it has not learned all that there is to know; it must yet learn to walk. To the mind of an intelligent man the horizon is always far ahead. With faith in our ideals we continue this exciting search for truths in order that we may build a better life for ourselves and our children.

True American patriotism, or a "100-percent Americanism," is a 100-percent belief in democracy, justice and liberty. To preserve this the patriot must take an active part in the political life of the community and the nation. For unless we meet our obligations as responsible citizens, unless we share the responsibilities of directing the activities of the State by preparing to vote intelligently, to hold public office honestly, our hard-won privileges may be lost. Only by sturdily holding to this struggle for these ideals can we defeat ignorance and tyranny and preserve democracy, justice and liberty.

The Bandwagon

The object of Army Day is not to increase the intrinsic value of the soldier nor to honor him, but to instruct the public to appreciate its God-given gift of an army. The soldier is God's gift to a nation, and when He favors a nation, He gives it stalwart soldiers.—*Capt. Andrew T. F. Nowak, Fifth Infantry chaplain, at Portland, Maine, observance.—Quoted in The Portland, Maine, Press Herald.*

Both political and economic conditions call for a display of the same great qualities which endeared us both to Theodore Roosevelt. I know that we have them.—*A communication from Colonel Frank Knox, Republican vice-presidential candidate, to Governor Alfred Landon, Republican presidential candidate.*

In a letter to the anti-Semitic newspaper, Der Stuermer, published here today, a reader protested against the use of the name of Sarah Bernhardt, the famous Franco-Jewish actress, for a soup destined for Nazi stomachs. A Munich hotel, the letter said, advertised "Sarah Bernhardt" soup.

"My friends and I," the correspondent wrote, "believe that a German hotel which dares to serve dishes with Jewish names outrages our philosophical convictions. If this continues, we will be treated to 'Litvinov sauce' and 'Einstein meatballs.' "—*News dispatch from Nuernberg, Germany.*

Mrs. Ellis said she was sure the Communists were responsible for stocking magazine counters with indecent literature.

"Several reliable people in Philadelphia who are fighting Communism," she asserted, "told me that this is the way Communism got started in Russia. The Communists first vitiate the newsstands to break down family relationship and the morale of youth, and then take over the country."—*News article in The Cincinnati Post.*

Oh, to Be in England!

The novel is a special English responsibility, since despite all distortions of hypocrisy, the English race has realized and established a pattern of sexual happiness which has not otherwise existed in the world.—*Mr. Basil de Selincourt in The London Observer.*

Our Get-Together-with-Yourselves Department

The tide of unpopularity is rising steadily against Mr. Roosevelt.—*Editorial in The New York Herald Tribune, June 7.*

Up goes President Roosevelt's majority in the nation-wide poll of the Institute of Public Opinion reported herewith. . . . The Roosevelt score is 55.8 percent of the major party vote. . . . It is the sixth consecutive rise in Mr. Roosevelt's popularity noted in the Institute polls since the first of the year.—*Report of the Institute of Public Opinion, published in the same issue.*

The Good Steward

Every employee knows that if he makes a suggestion that will benefit the place he will be rewarded—maybe with $25, maybe $50, maybe more. There was one fellow around here that I never thought was especially bright, but one day he said to me: "Mr. Billingsley, I've been watching the coats these people check when they come in here for lunch. They're the sort of people that would be glad to pay more than $1.25 for lunch. I think you ought to raise the lunch to $1.50." He was right. He got a bonus.—*Sherman Billingsley, managing director of the Stork Club, in Stage.*

Let Them Eat Capers

I have been seeing some young things today who seemed to be finding life rather difficult to cope with. . . . One of them told me she really did not know where the money was coming from to pay for her next meal, but she was rehearsing for a play and it was lots of fun. As long as you get fun out of life, even if you are near the starvation point, youth and hope will win out, I am sure.—*Mrs. Roosevelt, in her syndicated daily column.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address the Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—The Editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Descendants of Revolutionary Ancestors

SIR: The question has been raised frequently of late as to whether the utterances and activities of the Daughters of the American Revolution express the real point of view of the majority of descendants of Revolutionary and pre-Revolutionary ancestors.

Some of us who trace our ancestry to participants in the Revolution and to the early seventeenth century feel that there must be as many people outside as inside the membership of the D.A.R. who are eligible for such membership, but who believe that the spiritual heritage from their forefathers inspires them to a more liberal point of view.

It would be interesting to hear from people—either men or women—who are eligible for membership in a new organization of Descendants of Revolutionary Ancestors.

New York City. D. R. A.

[The editors will see that any replies to this letter are forwarded to the writer.]

Art and Economics

SIR: Mr. Robert Hallowell's quixotic scheme to set up imitation Ecole de Paris art economics in the United States would be definitely inimical to the encouragement and production of fine art.

Mr. Hallowell says that art and economics have seldom been on good terms. They never can be. He tells us that American artists must bring themselves to forget about Lorenzo di Medici and turn their attention to Lorenzo di Main Street. He says Art is *over*priced, *under*consumed and *under*produced. This is an ill considered and fallacious contention.

The thousands of young Americans who today squat down before a rotten old barn or automobile dump on the railroad tracks, or a misshapen village trollop or moron laborer or some pigs or a maid or two in their "undies," or machines in factories, etc., all these tyros are with rare exceptions only producing futile *quantity* to glut the market and the numberless art shows. So there is *overproduction* and, as a *sine qua non,* underconsumption and mediocrity. Some overpricing of the finer contemporary painting (naturally less abundant) is forced to ensue.

"Ars longa, vita brevis." "Lorenzo di Main Street" is already too much inclined to buy the stupid machine-made picture and the dump and the "undies" from the ten-cent counter, for that is where all this manufactured sales stuff (if Mr. Hallowell's plan were put into practice) would eventually land.

Mass art shows are rife all over our land. They are increasing daily. Almost nothing is sold from them. Unfortunately these wholesale methods and forced salesmanship have made the real lover of contemporary fine art wary. Lorenzo di Main Street can never take his place. If Mr. Hallowell's scheme were even possible of consummation it would quite exterminate the sporadic interest in art and artists that does exist here and there in our machine age; it would open the door wide for the manufacture of pictures, it would enthrone the pot-boiler and leave us American Art, Inc.

Great hangars, stories high, with a high-pressure sales force, adding machines and typewriters, would surmount extensive vaults full of racks filled with canvas and paint. Markets would immediately be cornered. American Art, Inc., would be quoted on the Stock Exchange. The manipulated shares would sell for more than the pictures. Then might we not read in great headlines on some front page, AMERICAN ART, INC., CRASHES?

New York City. ALBERT STERNER.

SIR: Mr. Sterner's letter reads like a Joe Pennell tirade against contemporary art twenty-five years late. Rotten barns, automobile dumps, moron laborers, machines in factories, pigs, undies—evidently Mr. Sterner does not like today's product of "the thousands of young Americans." Their forward march is not to be stayed, however, by the dead hand of the past. Art today is going places. Why not help it on its way? Who, these days, can say with finality that art and economics "never can be" on good terms? In the case of the Ecole de Paris, they struck a pretty fair bargain. Not good enough to copy here, to be sure, but a lot better than the snob economics Mr. Sterner champions.

The democratization of all the arts is under way. There's no stopping it. Bumps, defeats, crimes, if you will—of course. They are legion. Art for the few is doomed, and the economics on which it rested. A people's art is being born, and will not be denied. Every art has had its economics, however hidden from public gaze, however adequate or inadequate. An economics worthy of a people's art must and will be constructed. Apostles of preciousness, like Mr. Sterner, will oppose the enterprise in vain.

Fifty years ago, van Gogh wrote of the need for "renovation." "Prices, public, everything needs renovation; *and the future is to work cheaply for the people.*" The art one does not like is always overproduced. Vincent van Gogh's art—an average of seventy-five canvases a year for ten years—was overproduced for the Medicis of his day.

Washington, D. C. ROBERT HALLOWELL.

P. S. By the way, the great hangars is a grand idea. And the adding machines and typewriters are all right. Mr. Sterner's prize contribution is, with a bit of a twist, the idea of a market for art. Quite seriously, this is utterly necessary—a central mart where pictures shall find their true value. (Admission free.) Thanks. R. H.

To Friends of Edwin Arlington Robinson

SIR: The undersigned friends of the late Edwin Arlington Robinson are planning to collect and edit a volume of his letters and have made arrangements with The Macmillan Company for their publication. Anyone who has any letters that might have general interest, and who is willing to have use made of them in such a volume, or in the biography of Mr. Robinson which Mr. Hermann Hagedorn is writing, is urged to send them by registered mail to any member of the committee. The letters will be copied promptly, and the originals returned to their owners with a typed copy.

Mr. Hagedorn is making a collection of newspaper and other clippings concerning Mr. Robinson, which will be mounted and ultimately deposited, for the use of scholars, in the Widener Library of Harvard University. He would be grateful if anyone who has any significant clippings and is willing to part with them would send them to him by registered mail at 28 East Twentieth Street, New York.

HERMANN HAGEDORN, LEWIS M. ISAACS, LOUIS V. LEDOUX, PERCY MACKAYE, RIDGELY TORRENCE.

New York City.

We Can Take It

SIR: I have at hand a postcard from you stating that the letter which I sent you—"A Hundred Million Morons Can't Be Wrong"—isn't kosher enough for your funny mag.

But you don't understand. It wasn't sent in with any idea of its being published, for, of course, there would be no way of "dumbing" it down to the low level of intelligence of your lunatic-fringe clientele. No. I rather imagined you'd want to frame it and put it in a conspicuous spot in your sanctum as a constant reminder of the un-nightgowned truth in a literary world of lies! As a ray of light in a world of darkness! As a "handwriting on the wall" in an utopia of usurers! As an example of fearlessness in a metropolis of yellow cowards! As a grain of divine wisdom in a ton of error! As a specimen of sincerity in a community of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

100-percent hypocrites! As the product of a healthy mind—a thinker—contrasted with the kecky contributions of the halt, the maimed and the blind—the anemic, the paralytic and the cretinic!

You don't "pay" for divine truth, little one. It can't be sold for money. But somehow it does get before the eye, as you notice, even if those who sit on the "safety-valves of publicity" do their level best to see that it doesn't get broadcast!

So I do my part. I can do no more. My conscience is clear and I sleep like a child. But I hate to think of what is coming *your* way! Or has it already come?

Does perennial distortion of the truth for the sake of a few rotten dollars ever make you happy? There isn't a really happy person in the whole of America today, so how could you be so—a man who is afraid not only to tell the truth himself but also is afraid to let others do so, under their own names and unpaid, in his magazine? . . .

FRANKLIN HOPKINS,
Monetary Ethicist.

New York City.

The Boycott Continues

SIR: In his Washington Notes in your issue of June 17, T. R. B. announced that his investigation of the detailed figures of German-American trade in 1935, which the Department of Commerce will soon publish, indicates a "general collapse of the consumers' boycott in this country against Nazi products." Aside from the fact that T. R. B.'s conclusion is in no wise correct, it is regrettable that The New Republic should contain in its pages a note of discouragement to the many millions of Americans who are manifesting their anti-Nazism through the boycott of Nazi goods.

The boycott has definitely not collapsed. . . . In 1935 total imports from the entire world by the United States increased by 25 percent. Our imports from Germany, however, increased by a mere 7 percent. This 7 percent represents the breadcrumbs of a general spurt in world trade, and was achieved in such a manner as to have made it unprofitable. . . .

The boycott, not only in the United States but in the world, has forced the Reich into the employment of trade methods which contain the germs of bankruptcy. Dumping, the blocked mark, the tourist mark and excessively generous export subsidies, all of which induce diminishing returns, have been some of the devices employed by Germany in an effort to break the world blockade. . . . If T. R. B. will compare our import figures between any two years since 1932, he will discover a relative drop in our imports from Germany compared with our imports from all other countries. If he will compare our imports from Germany in 1935 with our imports in 1932, the last pre-Hitler year, he will discover a decline of approximately 43 percent. This, together with the effects of the application of the Anti-Bounty clauses, should reduce German trade with us to a negligible quantity.

As for the apparent increase in those categories of consumers' goods examined by T. R. B., it must be pointed out, in all fairness to those Americans besides members and supporters of the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League who are prosecuting the boycott, that very often consumers do not know they are purchasing Nazi goods when they do. There is an almost universal infringement on the laws governing the origins of goods. German labels are tampered with in a dozen ways. . . . Finally, in some categories, such as optical and other scientific apparatus, the boycott is difficult of prosecution simply because adequate substitutes of American or other origin have not yet been manufactured on a large scale. . . . As recently as May 18, Reichsbank Director Huelse told Reichsbank officials in Berlin: "At any future stabilization, the German foreign-debt problem will be drawn into the debate. Creditor countries will have to choose between two alternatives. They will either have to open their doors to German goods or consent to appropriate reduction of German debts."

The point is, whereas T. R. B. may have discovered evidence of the "collapse of the Nazi boycott," the Nazis are strongly articulating their complete and annoyed awareness of its existence. The figures T. R. B. scrutinized should not have been examined outside their context.

M. B. ZERWICK, Director of Public Relations,
Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League.

New York City.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

T. A. Mauntz of the Federal Writers' Project in New York City, tells us that the forthcoming New York City Guide Book, a volume of 300,000 words, will soon be ready for publication and will constitute the first comprehensive guide book to New York published in the last twelve years. About 350 employees are engaged on the project. . . . The Committee on Academic Freedom of the New York Teachers' Guild, 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City, has prepared a pamphlet reviewing the history of the recent agitation for teachers' loyalty oaths. The pamphlet will be sent to any address on receipt of three cents in postage.

An American Youth Exhibit, sponsored by the American Youth Congress, is being held at the New School for Social Research in New York City until July 31. There will be exhibits by prominent artists, as well as photographs and charts showing the situation of the 22,000,000 young people in this country between the ages of sixteen and twenty-four. . . . The National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s of Canada, 40 College Street, Toronto, sends us the program for an Institute on Economics and Politics which they will hold for two weeks at Geneva Park, Lake Couchiching, Ontario, from July 31 to August 14.

Ernest Fox has written us concerning a trip that he made, as a representative of the Simpson Defense Committee of Seattle, Washington, to visit James C. Dunn, chief of the Western European Division of the United States Department of State. He enquired of Mr. Dunn what steps had been taken toward the release of Lawrence Simpson, the American seaman who has been held without trial in Germany since June 28, 1935, on the charge of possessing anti-Nazi literature in his locker aboard ship. Recently, when Simpson was transferred from a concentration camp to Moabit Prison, the charge of conspiring to smuggle money out of Germany was added. Mr. Fox says that, although Mr. Dunn seemed to be fully informed about the case, he pleaded the inability of the United States government to "interfere in the internal affairs of Germany," even to the extent of getting an attorney of his own choice to represent Simpson, a right which has been denied him by the German People's Court. Mr. Fox points out that the government has not been so loath to interfere in South or Central American countries when there was a question of damage to American property, and urges that all liberal and progressive people register with the Department of State at Washington their protests against its inactivity in the Simpson case.

Tom Mooney, the International Labor Defense reminds us, will begin to serve his twentieth year in jail on July 27. This anniversary comes as Mooney is carrying on an important fight for his freedom, the habeas-corpus proceedings before a referee appointed by the California State Supreme Court. They urge that funds to support this expensive suit be sent to the Mooney Molders' Defense Committee, P. O. Box 1475, San Francisco, California.

The United Committee to Aid Vermont Marble Workers informs us that the strike against the Vermont Marble Company is now in its eighth month. The company is beginning to evict families from their homes, in which some of them have lived for thirty or thirty-five years, and twenty-two strikers held on "breach of the peace" charges are being brought to trial. There are five strikers now in jail. The committee appeals to all friends of the strikers to send contributions to them at Room 9, 7 West Fourteenth Street, New York City.

What's on the Air?

Representative Clare G. Fenerty of Pennsylvania speaks on a Jewish War Veterans' Program. Saturday, July 4, 10:15 to 10:30 A. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

President Roosevelt delivers an address on the Independence Day Program from Thomas Jefferson's home at Monticello, Virginia. He is introduced by Senator Carter Glass. Saturday, July 4, 11 to 11:30 A. M., N.B.C.-WEAF.

There is a special broadcast in connection with the Harvard University Tercentennial Celebration. Tuesday, July 7, 10 to 10:30 P. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

Norman Thomas is guest speaker on a Socialist program. Friday, July 10, 12 to 12:15 A. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marginal Notes

IN A SHORT article recently I spoke of the debt our theatre owes Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne for the variety that they have practised in impersonation. Illustrating two directions in acting, they have done many straight roles, where the actor remains both his inner and outer self, and many roles of more distinct impersonation in which more external imitation, make-up, characterizations, mannerisms and so on may be employed. I should like to add a few notes to the drift of that article.

For example, it occurred to me afterward, and partly because of the remarks of a theatre man upon reading what I had said, that some might confuse type acting, type casting, with the straight acting I spoke of. They are in fact two quite different matters. In type acting it is not that the actor does not greatly change himself from role to role; the roles themselves do not greatly change. A type actor is limited by the number of roles illustrating the one type that he proves, more or less congenitally, to represent. The straight actor is limited in part, of course, by the number of roles to which externally he is adapted, but more deeply by his persuasion, power and success in making us accept the role as he conveys it—Bernhardt, for example, commanded many successes in as many roles without changing anything except her costumes—even youth or age in the character played caused very little change either in her method or in her appearance. Type casting can be a great evil in the theatre, since often nothing that could be called acting results, and all relies and depends on resemblance or identity between player and role. In straight acting there is no inherent evil, but only the necessity that we understand what degree of likeness to the outer reality of the role is intended—Mounet-Sully, for instance, in "Œdipus Rex" as contrasted with Maria Ouspenskaya in "The Cherry Orchard." In essence the principle here is the same as in painting or sculpture.

Great examples of straight acting would, as everyone knows, include Duse. But it would be a mistake to think of her as attempting no imitation or visual impersonation in the roles, so widely different, that she played. From time to time she knew how to present a gesture, a movement, a composition of the figure, that got the very soul of the character she presented. In *"Così Sia,"* for example, some of her New York critics, who may, doubtless, have seen few peasants and no Duses, objected that in the role of the peasant mother she was not like a peasant. Apart from the fact that even her distinction and taste were more like the Tuscan peasants than you might think, Duse by some movement of the elbow, it might be, of the head, the hands, gave every now and then the very essence of the peasant character. It was characteristic movement and line such as might be found in the Italian sculptors like Mino da Fiesole, Rossellino, Desiderio da Settingnano, Benedetto da Majano, in whom, for all their removal, simplification and elegance, such poignant realism is constantly present. In Duse this element, gained partly by long study among works of art, helped to make her appeal among artists universally more profound than that of any other person in the theatre of her time. Something of a like misconception, in a smaller vein, applies to Duse and make-up. Somehow the tradition has grown that she never bothered to make up for the stage, which is all sad tosh: Duse did very little to change her face, it is true, but no actress knew better how to accentuate and make her face count.

I spoke of mimicry and of what a mistake it is to undervalue mimicry as a test of acting talent. A gift for mimicry has the same relation to acting talent that a gift for likeness has to painting. In neither case do we have a test of the artist as artist, but the mimicry or gift for likeness do comment on him as actor or painter. In each case the capacity for style in a profound sense begins with a knowledge of just what the actuality would be from which the artist departs. In good Egyptian sculpture we are as much aware of the actuality beneath the stylization as we are of the idea conveyed by means of this style. Style in an actor will depend considerably on how clearly he sees, or could reproduce, the exact movement that a man makes at a certain moment, the exact expression or gesture that expresses the emotion involved, the precise expressive image. It is this actuality that becomes the dialect for what the actor has to convey, in exactly the same sense that verticality is the language in which the rising or leaning of a tower is conveyed. Chaliapin in his Boris, for example, indicates, however indefinably, what would be the movement of the hands actually, but at the same time creates the idea—which is the content of the style—by his restatement of the actual. The great Garrick could mimic to perfection.

As for powers of projection, I have seen Grasso, the Sicilian actor, do a death scene on a stage crowded with an overflow audience such as one finds at concerts. These people, before the curtain rose, saw him come and take his seat and get ready to act, but it made no difference later. I have seen Grasso in the midst of that same death scene stop and shush the audience, holding up two fingers for silence and then returning to his lines. I have, also, seen him, when the applause would not stop, rise from the floor where he had just lain dead, resume his seat and do the death scene over again. Some of the simple sophisticates from Broadway might take this as a case of great naïveté—an actor repeating a death scene and the audience applauding. As a matter of fact it is Broadway that is here naïve. Grasso was creating in acting terms, he was evincing art wholly free and complete, as Casals might create on his instrument, the cello.

The response of Grasso's audience to acting as a thing complete in itself and purely projected, was reflected also in his players. I remember one night when the house was packed and the chairs around the stage scenes full, I was given a chair in one of the exits, with just enough room for the actors to pass. Grasso in the armchair near the footlights had already swallowed the tablets that would end his life. The leading lady, who was playing the wife, stood in the shadow beside me, waiting to go on. Tell me, signorina, I said, one heard of Grasso's family in Catania, that there was a daughter who was an actress. She was not sure, she would try to remember. A cry of agony from the dying man, her cue, swept her on to the stage, and she herself sank into a flood of weeping. In the midst of this sobbing she rushed from the room, stepped over my foot and off the scene. *"C'é una figlia, ma non recita,"* she said. (There is a daughter but she doesn't act.)

STARK YOUNG.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS IN REVIEW

E. M. Forster

BOUND volumes of weekly papers are nobody's favorite reading, yet a few years ago I devoted several mornings to The Athenæum for 1918 and 1919. I wanted to find a review of some pamphlets or books by two British engineers who were quarreling about the Nile and Egypt's water supply. That was all the clue I had. I'd forgotten their names, the title of the article, the initials it was signed with. But I was sure that it was one of the liveliest book reviews in the world. It imparted a surprising amount of information. It eased you into mastery of that row between experts. I remembered the reviewer as clear-headed and light-hearted and amused and river-loving. Imagine my delight when I opened "Abinger Harvest"[1] and found this lost review. It is dated 1920—I had got the year wrong—it is called "A Flood in the Office," it is as fresh as ever, it still puts us on a footing of intimacy with "a subtle and unique mass of water." And its beauty and laughter are not solitary. All the sections into which Mr. Forster has divided his seventy or eighty reprints contain articles as lovely or as amusing, and the most amusing are the loveliest.

Mr. Forster is a good guide to past times and distant presents. In his company we visit India, Egypt, an Ionian seacoast, Rome, Praeneste, Belfast today, England today, England a hundred years ago. He knows where quick freshes are, he drinks at them and we drink too. He gives us portraits of T. E. Lawrence, Roger Fry, Edward Gibbon, of the strait-laced people Keats and his brothers and sister were exposed to, of Coleridge as a young man, of Gemistus Pletho, the Emperor Babur, Ronald Firbank, Wilfrid Blunt. In addition to the variety of subject there is a variety of mood. He has no formula, no recipe. His pleasure is as exacting as his wit, his joys know the price they must pay, he gives readers who have called him gentle chance after chance to repeat their mistake.

The beauty so omnipresent in this book is nowhere a construction, never piled clause on clause high and higher into a tower of eloquent passion as in Ruskin; nor ever, as in Pater, grown under glass and reconsidered sedately; never, as in—but such comparisons are too gross. Let us compare Mr. Forster with himself. In "Aspects of the Novel" he calls beauty something "at which a novelist should never aim, though he fails if he does not achieve it." In all his books I remember only one place where I can imagine Mr. Forster stopping, reading his first draft over, suspecting himself of the forbidden aim, and rewriting the passage into its present form. This is the famous thirteen-line sentence in "Coördination." It describes what Miss Haddon hears when she picks up the sea-shell and listens. Her shell-echoed sea is more beautiful than anybody else's, as beautiful as the sea Mr. Yeats's Sad Shepherd wanted to hear, and could not. This is the nearest Mr. Forster has ever come to doing a set piece. There is nothing like it in "Abinger Harvest," where beauty and humor are one: "The perfect traveler whom we are building up is a charming creature, with every advantage of heart and head, but he is diffident, and diffidence will not succeed in the East. Unless I have a touch of the regal about me, a glint of outward armor, my exquisite qualities will be wasted, my tact and insight ignored. The East is a bit of a snob, in fact. It does require its sympathizers to seem great as well as to be good, and I must do my best to oblige it in this little matter; so may I be mistaken for a King!" And here is a briefer example: "It is hard to be generous and direct after thirty, even when the desire to be so remains, and even in England. And it is harder in the East. Prejudices and ideals (they amount to the same under a vertical sun) will arise in the mind and distort the horizon and slop pieces of the sky into the sand."

"The sinister corridor of our age," as Mr. Forster calls it, is of course not a place where a man so clear-headed and so compassionate can be happy. Of course the War and the Peace have affected him profoundly. "We are all harder and more disillusioned now than we were," he says, "the League of Nations is behind us instead of before, and no political creed except communism offers an intelligent man any hope." He is more likely to be right than we are about this, but did he ever have any illusions except the minimum necessary to animal faith? And has he grown harder? I should have thought him more sensitive than ever. At times hypersensitive, as in the essay called "Doll Souse," which though lively and alert is also oddly resentful, is an attack of nerves; or when he hears, in an unfeeling remark made by Jane Austen to her sister Cassandra, "the whinnying of harpies." To hear so much is to hear more than is there. "Moral indignation is always agreeable," Mr. Forster says in another essay, "but nearly always misplaced."

Despair has not shaken Mr. Forster's courage. Despair has deepened his compassion and generosity. And it is never solemn. For most of the time his urbanity smiles as it used to do, his resentments are as chivalrous as ever, his derision is just as playful. Yet there are signs of a change which no doubt the literary critics will notice. Here and there he is emphatic, something he never was before 1914: "It seems to me that if nations keep on amassing armaments, they can no more help discharging their filth than an animal which keeps on eating can stop itself from excreting." But no, that is a poor illustration of his emphasis. Though it speaks truth in a new way it is, for Mr. Forster, rather a lumbering sentence. Here are better illustrations: "Waves of edifying bilge rolled off me"—"You would come away realizing that an opinion may be influentially backed and yet be tripe"—"At the worst they are bitches, like his wife." So sharp is the virtue of context that each of these sentences, read in its context, counts for more than one of Mr. Shaw's emphatic statements in almost any of his prefaces. To feel this difference in effectiveness we don't have to read a whole Shaw preface or a whole page. Two sentences are enough: both are less effective than either would be if the other were not equally emphatic.

To Mr. Forster nature is both law and impulse. His sensitiveness is beautiful with impulse. He makes me aware of something not quite spontaneous in John Galsworthy, as if Galsworthy had entered into a high-minded agreement to be sensitive and was living up to his contract. Compare Mr. Forster with writers more distinguished, and less unlike him, than Galsworthy, compare him on Wilfrid Blunt with Mr. Max Beerbohm on Swinburne, "No. 2, the Pines," and we can't help noticing that Mr. Beerbohm

[1] Abinger Harvest, by E. M. Forster. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 363 pages. $3.50.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is the more deliberate designer, and that the easy pace at which he follows his design is also a pace of fastidious relevance. Or compare Mr. Forster's Jane Austen with Virginia Woolf's in "The Common Reader." Mrs. Woolf has measured in advance the distance at which she means to stay from her subject, it is exquisitely the right distance, she keeps so far and no farther away. Mr. Forster improvises his distance. He says what he means as exactly as Mrs. Woolf or Mr. Beerbohm: their knowledge of what they are about to say has been longer in their possession.

No contemporary mind as penetrating and generalizing as Mr. Forster's lives so close to sense-data. What he thinks is of less interest to him and to us than what he perceives. Was it Kant who said that "our senses do not deceive because they do not judge"? That isn't true of Mr. Forster, whose senses are accurate judges. Contrast him with Mr. T. S. Eliot defending Ben Jonson against an accusation of superficiality: "We cannot call a man's work superficial when it is the creation of a world; a man cannot be accused of dealing superficially with a world which he has himself created; the superficies *is* the world." Logical, yes, but how ingenious, how remote from any pleasure or pain ever felt by any reader alive! It is a barrier between Ben Jonson and us. But nothing gets in our way when Mr. Forster praises Mr. Eliot's own poems —"so novel, startling, subtle, coarse"—or when he says, of an argument in Mr. Eliot's prose: "One has a feeling at moments that the Muses are connected not so much with Apollo as with the oldest county families." Or again: "Ibsen is at bottom Peer Gynt. Side whiskers and all, he is a boy bewitched."

When "A Passage to India" was published Lowes Dickinson said that "whereas" in the earlier novels Mr. Forster's "kind of double vision squints—this world, and a world of worlds behind—here it all comes together." Can we be certain that there is no double vision in "Abinger Harvest"? Of the Two Magics always at his command he has in this book chosen, it is true, to summon only one, Natural Magic. But what of it? Though the "worlds behind" are all natural worlds, each of them a humanist's, he achieves a tonic strangeness by his way of comparing and dissociating them and bringing them face to face. Though he has banished those heavenly messengers who made "A Room with a View," for instance, so disquieting to many of us, here his perceptions are messengers just as disquieting, just as wind-footed. Mr. Forster rings little bells of change not from word to word, but from perception to perception. If we listen closely we may catch the message in the melody. It invites us to take another look, to see almost at a single moment several facets of a respected virtue, of a stock concept. Only a suggestion, yes, but how disturbing. And hard to act on, whether our minds are old and stiff with habit, or young and stiff with doctrine.

The invitation which Mr. Forster gives us, in this book and all his books, is not to reconsider our opinion—reconsideration is too slow an affair to be descriptive of the movement he requires of us—nor to change our minds, nor to reread the messages we think our senses have brought us, but to use our senses afresh. If we can but do this the rest shall be added unto us—minds opened, beliefs reëxamined, first principles doubted. We shall wake up in a world of old values annulled, of new values revealed to us. We shall be living at first hand. Mr. Forster—and this I think is the only thing he aims at being—is a disturber of values, a changer of perspectives. That "pure conversational prose" of his, which flows and tastes like the water of life, can eat deep into all sorts of base metal.

PHILIP LITTELL.

Real Theatre

Moscow Rehearsals, by Norris Houghton. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 310 pages. $2.75.

The Soviet Theatre, by P. A. Markov. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 176 pages. $2.25.

IN A CHAPTER on playwrights, Mr. Norris Houghton points out the defects of Soviet dramaturgy, admitting that contemporary Russian dramatists are inferior to our own. And though this chapter is a bit more conventional than it should be, his view is justified. As Meyerhold recently remarked with exquisite candor: "The Soviet theatre has not found its Shakespeare!" But for all that Mr. Houghton recognizes and makes clear that the Soviet theatre is the greatest theatre in the world today. In Moscow "the audience reaches out to the stage, it goes more than halfway to meet the actor; the actor comes more than halfway to meet the audience, and in that something-more-than-one-hundred percent which is engendered lies the greatness of the Soviet theatre."

Mr. Houghton, by his own confession, is neither historian nor critic: he is a young American theatre worker who went to the Soviet Union to inquire, to learn, to be inspired. His opinions are not always coherently placed in any clear esthetic outlook or systematically presented with firm intellectual grasp. But his intuitions are good, his taste is sensitive and his enthusiasm altogether attractive. In fact, one cannot read "Moscow Rehearsals" without reëxperiencing some of that studious rapture that characterizes all who concern themselves with the theatre in the Soviet Union. Lee Simonson in his sympathetic introduction to the book notes this quality and is infected by it. And it is this devotion to the theatre combined with a desire to understand it thoroughly which makes "Moscow Rehearsals" the best book on the Soviet theatre now available in English. P. A. Markov's book, the book of an authority and (in other instances) a very good critic, is a little dry by comparison. At best, it may be considered a convenient handbook quickly summarizing though not actually conveying the achievement of the Soviet stage. All his opinions are sound or, at least, correct. But the book seems like a statement hastily thrown together and published for export by someone who had far more interesting things to do.

While primarily a student of methods, Mr. Houghton realizes what underlies the health of the Soviet theatre, which it derives from a common ground of belief, aspiration and need that ties audience and artist together. The theatre craftsman draws his strength from a sense of service to an audience whose interests are his own; the audience finds its pleasure in a vision of its own life—in the realm of the imagination as well as in that of actuality —given vivid, vigorous and varied form. For, as Mr. Houghton does not fail to point out, the basic unity of the Soviet theatre does not make for uniformity. On the contrary, other theatres working ostensibly on the premises of "individual expression" are, for the most part, drably literal and almost hopelessly cursed by a mechanical sameness, while the Soviet theatre is rich with differences of style. Finally, in the Soviet theatre each style has been carried to its own peak of high competence. There is not, as with us, a split between matter and means: we are not obliged to complain that the more earnest a company of actors the less satisfactory their craft. In the Soviet theatre esthetic logic is on its feet, and the profounder artists are also the most perfect.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Houghton ends his book with the question, what about America? This is a good sign. For the attitude of looking to the Soviet theatre only as at a tourists' holiday or remote object of worship, or as at an ideal by which we may despair of our own reality, leads to nothing but impotence. An appreciation of the Soviet theatre must serve as a starting point. We must learn from it what the theatre is and can be: we must study, work and even fight to make of the scattered talents in our country a group of real theatres.

Above all, we must not be afraid of "theory." In the Soviet theatre, which is the most active theatre in the world, theories abound; and for every theory we have a different theatre—that is, a permanent group devoted to its practice. Yet in the American theatre theories are despised, because so few have the courage to practise them, and because theorists become weak for lack of practice. Real theatres are not made by people who merely wish, slavishly admire or fear the condescending scorn of public philistines. They are made by people who know what they want to do and who, through long effort and love, will learn how to do it.

HAROLD CLURMAN.

The Dark Glass

Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, by Count Egon Corti, translated by Catherine Allison Phillips. New Haven: Yale University Press. 534 pages. $4.

ON THE island of Corfu—the one spot on the map of Europe where she tried at least to settle down for a few months every year—the Empress Elizabeth was known to the peasants as "the railway." "This," her biographer adds, "was not intended sarcastically, for in the eyes of the peasantry of Corfu a railway stood for all that was most grand." In any case this nickname, bestowed on the most fascinating and beautiful woman of her time, was at least only partly inappropriate. She not only covered daily distances, on foot and on horseback, that would have tired Teddy Roosevelt, but her craving for locomotion made her rush over the land and sea routes of Europe with machinelike relentlessness—down to the very day when boarding a steamer in Geneva she was stabbed by the Italian anarchist Lucheni. His weapon—a rusty, three-edged file—had actually pierced her heart. Yet in a moment she was up from the pavement, marching vigorously toward the steamer, climbing the gangplank. The ship was outside the harbor before anybody realized that the Empress was dying.

The assassin, one of Italy's best soldiers in the Abyssinian campaign of 1896 and psychologically a case like the German "Feme" murderers, was a repulsive brute, but after four hundred and fifty pages of degenerate Hapsburgs and Wittelsbachs his appearance is almost a relief. Count Corti has been trusted with the examination of much hitherto secret material in family archives and so, no doubt, has felt bound to use special restraint, over and above scholarly objectivity. There is the "truth" in his meticulous volume, probably as far as it will ever be known, about the "Drama of Mayerling" (Crown Prince Rudolph's mysterious end), about the married life of Francis Joseph and his relationship to Frau Schratt, about Elizabeth's hysterical Heine-cult and her strange mania for large dogs, for ancient Greece and modern Hungary, and also about the infatuation with her of mad Ludwig of Bavaria. But the truth, if this be the truth, has an elusive quality. Everything remains as unreal as in a drama by Pirandello.

PETER OLDEN.

The Nazi International

The Brown Network: The Activities of the Nazis in Foreign Countries. New York: Knight Publications. 309 pages. $3.

THE PRIMARY object of this book," William Francis Hare, Earl of Listowel, writes in his Introduction, "is to expose the hypocrisy of Hitler's peace propaganda. . . . 'The Brown Network' traces the widespread tentacles and the vast resources of Nazi organizations outside of Germany and visualizes the bloody morass to which they are leading." This work was written by the anonymous author of "The Brown Book of the Hitler Terror." But it clearly represents the labor of some secret and far-flung anti-Nazi espionage organization, toiling in many lands to expose the world conspiracy of German fascism. This circumstance makes it difficult to verify all the allegations. To uncover the sources would be to destroy those who work within, spying upon spies. The story is buttressed at many points, however, by photostatic copies of letters and documents, by reproductions of propaganda materials and by extensive quotations from Nazi sources. Most of it rings true. But if it were only one-tenth true, it would still be one of the most extraordinary documents of the century.

Here is a wealth of evidence on the agents and methods of Nazi imperialism throughout the world. Here also is a forty-page index of Nazi propagandists, spies and stool pigeons in twenty-three countries, including the United States. As fiction this tale of espionage, counter-espionage, bribery, terrorism, sabotage, kidnapings, murders and attempted *coups d'état* would be utterly fantastic and improbable. As quite largely incontrovertible fact, it should give pause to those who still believe that fascism is compatible with peace and security among nations and within nations. In its dreams of a brown *Mittel Europa,* the Nazi dictatorship is committed to the Nazification of Holland, Belgium, Alsace-Lorraine, Switzerland, Austria, Scandinavia and the Baltic States. In its *Drang nach Osten,* it is committed to the partition of Czechoslovakia, Poland and the U.S.S.R. To realize these objectives, it must confuse opinion in England, France and America by playing upon liberal, pacifist and pro-German sympathies in order to paralyze all will to resist aggression. With these goals before them, thousands of agents of Rosenberg, Goebbels and the Reichswehr are engaged in pan-German and anti-Semitic activities on a world scale. They are well subsidized from Berlin. They operate through German diplomatic and consular posts and German shipping, banking and mercantile agencies. They hide behind a façade of German societies, fascist organizations, anti-Marxist institutes, anti-Communist societies and sundry anti-Semitic and anti-Masonic groups.

The all-but-incredible details of this conspiracy are presented in full in these pages, along with some of the more obvious results. While German propaganda abroad is almost invariably stupid, in the contemporary scene cleverness consists of being only slightly less stupid than one's opponents. By this test the Nazi spy ring is doing its work well. It has achieved much and will achieve more before fascism chooses its time to plunge the world into the second imperialist war. The prospective victims have thus far been as helpless and impotent as were the defenders of the Weimar Republic. This book may aid in forestalling catastrophe—if, as seems now wholly improbable, the forces of liberalism are still capable of united and energetic action.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Penobscot Bay

The Islands, by Gerald Warner Brace. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

UNLIKE other Maine novels, "The Islands" does not find the glory of the past a finer and bigger thing than the present. It states the actual Puritan life as no other novel has managed to; it speaks with firmness and conviction of the Penobscot Bay islands and of Boston, so that the background becomes alive and vibrating; the characters are firm solid flesh, living in the shifting weather. The story is simple: when John Thurlow is drowned hauling a trawl, his son Edgar is taken to Boston by a wealthy spinster to be trained for "success." He is sent to a private school and to Harvard. At Harvard it becomes clearer and clearer to Edgar that he does not fit in with urban society, that he likes the building of boats and the sea better than engineering. He finally returns to Maine for good.

"The Islands" is a patient book; there is no rush except the rush of the tides and the wind. There is no fake of local color or of technical knowledge of the sea, nor fake of emotion. It is a novel written without specific dates, and although roadsters and roller-coasters give it a kind of "time," it might well be without these things. For the book is the story of a boy growing into manhood alive to his environment, sure yet disturbed.

The difficulty of "The Islands" connects closely with the Yankee himself. He may be too patient for stream-lined minds; his humor is very much underneath the skin. But the Yankee is important and real today, and this book is eloquent proof of that importance. Gerald Brace turns the tables on those who point out New England as "degenerate," as well as on those who narrow the New Englander down to a gangling caricature or a picturesque water color.

SAMUEL FRENCH MORSE.

The Militant Puritan

The Living of Charlotte Perkins Gilman: An Autobiography. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 370 pages. $3.

ALL WOMEN, but especially those who were young and radical in the years preceding the World War, have reason for gratitude to Charlotte Perkins Gilman. Only in Bernard Shaw did the rebellious young of that day find a more thrilling ally. Only to his arsenal did we turn oftener in our fight against stuffy or tyranical elders and the world they had made. She was an ardent humanitarian, a feminist and a socialist of the Fabian stripe. Like Shaw's, her satire seemed to us supremely witty and daring, apposite and endlessly quotable in argument. She was like him, too, in the delight she took in herself.

And like Shaw she was a Puritan, though she tartly resented the term. As this book records, she spent eight youthful years in strenuous character-building, deliberately acquiring selected virtues and never doing anything but what she thought right. Even to a proposal of marriage her reaction was "Is it right?" and not "Do I love him?" The righteous course led to complete mismating, with a man she liked and respected. Divorce ended this impossible situation but left her nervously shattered (she never fully recovered and all her life was subject to periods of mental exhaustion), facing life with a young child, no money and no real training for earning her living. She met this situation courageously, finding herself and her life work, developing the theories and writing the books that later made her famous. She was the first feminist to stress the importance of economic independence for women and to demand for them professional standards even in their traditional "sphere." She also contributed largely to the liberation of children by her sensible and sympathetic book "Concerning Children," and was the eloquent and witty champion of numerous other reforms. She did all this at a time when it was really pioneering, and when some of her ideas, especially the socialism that seems today so innocuous, caused her to be regarded as vaguely dangerous even in certain reform circles.

If later years did not add greatly to her reputation—like so many good liberals she was confused and sidetracked by the World War—the solid and enduring work of her maturity was so outstanding as to leave her still a towering figure among American women. The advanced thought of her age caught up with and passed beyond her; it blazed trails she refused to follow, thinking psychoanalysis merely disgusting, and Bolshevism a "Russian-Jewish nightmare." But as the advance falters and reaction strikes first, as always, at the woman's world, one may well wonder if the battles she won will not have to be fought again. Certainly in many fields the preaching of Charlotte Perkins Gilman is still ahead of humanity's common practice.

MARTHA GRUENING.

The Suburban Mood

The Weather in the Streets, by Rosamond Lehmann. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.50.

MISS Lehmann's latest novel, reminiscent of "Dusty Answer," is rather like an eel. It wriggles through some four hundred pages, always formless, restless, inconclusive (the subject matter is inconclusive too, but that is a different problem), and at the end you realize that somehow a story has been told: there was a live organism there and it knew where it was going. One of these days, you tell yourself, you will go back and pick up the subtleties. Because there are subtleties to pick up—the slow revelation of one or two characters, and moments of apperceptiveness in a roomful of people—but you were too tangled up in an imitation stream of consciousness to know when to pause.

The story itself is usual, suburban (the setting is mostly London but the conscience is suburban), even dreary. It has all the trappings of a romantic tale, and gradually, to one's surprise, it squirms past all illusions, even the necessary ones. "I accept the universe," the heroine seems to be saying on the last page, and her universe consists of no work, no love, not much of anything. Not that Olivia had any illusions to begin with. She is a middle-class country girl, separated from her husband, supporting herself in dull, half-bohemian independence in the city. She falls in love with Rollo with whom she played as a child, and who is, we are given to understand, her social superior (an anachronistic touch: the Great House, and Rollo's mother, the Lady of the Manor). After several false starts Rollo, the well bred business man, goes back to his wife, but he will also hang on to Olivia—a loveless arrangement. Their drives together were so pleasant, weren't they darling? An honest enough conclusion (these people who can't do much still do the best they can) but the author has no more to offer her readers than Olivia has for herself: time the great healer, a picnic now and then, and a vast amount of wasted energy.

ELEANOR CLARK.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Brief

War in the Pacific: A Study of Navies, Peoples and Battle Problems, by Sutherland Denlinger and Charles B. Gary, Lieutenant-Commander U.S.N.R. New York: Robert M. McBride. 348 pages. $3.

A FEATURE-WRITER on The New York World-Telegram and a Lieutenant-Commander in the United States Naval Reserve have collaborated on a prophetic analysis of the irrepressible conflict between the United States and Japan for control of the Pacific. The first half of their book they devote to a technical comparison of the two navies to be involved. They find the Japanese fleet superior in submarines, gunpower and modern improvements. They find the American fleet superior in its air arm, its defensive equipment and its tonnage. They also believe that American democracy makes for a higher morale —they say little about personal efficiency—than the Japanese cult of Mikado-worship. The next quarter of the book, devoted to geographic, economic and political factors, shows the United States incomparably more powerful. Japan's one asset is geographical—a strong defensive position; the United States holds all the other cards, including alliances, for our authors insist that the Soviet Union will attack simultaneously on the Asiatic mainland and that the British Dominions will maintain something more than benevolent neutrality. The final and shortest section of the book forecasts the probable course of the war. Japan will at once capture the Philippines, Guam and probably Samoa. The United States will then spend the next two years building bases in the Aleutian Islands and harassing Japanese commerce on the high seas and in the world's financial centers. Unless the American people demand a swift and suicidal attack, their overwhelming material power will ultimately crush Japan, but to no purpose, so far as the authors can see. Had they emphasized the role of the American Department of State as the arm of the British Foreign Office they would have clarified the one possible obscurity in an otherwise clear presentation of the most urgent issue before the people of this country today. Q. H.

Coolie, by Madelon Lulofs. New York: The Viking Press. $2.

Ruki, the Javanese hero of this simple and moving story, at seventeen had a rice field and a buffalo and a girl he was going to marry. It had never occurred to him to want anything more until a stranger came from Batavia with tales of gold to be had and gambling and many beautiful girls. So in the night Ruki stole away with him and two other young men from the Campong. By nightfall the next day Ruki, disillusioned, tried to go home to feed his buffalo, but he was already a contract coolie. He had marked a paper and taken coins and so for three years he worked to the accompaniment of blows and abuse on a Dutch-owned teak and rubber plantation. When the three years were up he signed again because he did not know what else to do. Simple and fatalistic both by nature and by religion, he escaped only once, to spend seventeen days of freedom in the primitive forest; but when he was recaptured he accepted it as his *nassip,* or fate, and did not try any more. Again and again Ruki and his comrades signed the new contracts. At last, old and broken, Ruki decided to go home. After thirty years or so of contract labor he, and the woman he had finally acquired, had between them 235 guilders, which would buy a ricefield and a buffalo in Java. But on Ruki's last payday he wanted to gamble just once more. He lost

FIGHT FASCISM by HELPING ITS ENEMIES

The International Relief Association, upon the receipt of the letter reproduced below, has established an Ossietzky fund. This fund will be used in the fight to aid and liberate not only Carl von Ossietzky but all political prisoners and their families.

Paris, June 2, 1936

International Relief Association
20 Vesey St., N. Y. C.
Dear Friends:

CARL VON OSSIETZKY, the outstanding German pacifist, has been suffering the hell of a Nazi concentration camp for three years. Like many others, he was imprisoned without trial or sentence and though critically ill, he has been forced to labor in the swamps. His life now depends upon the active support of the friends of peace from all over the world.

We appeal for help to the men and women in the United States who cherish the tradition of Peace and Freedom. We must defend the life of this rare personality. Ossietzky's name has become a symbol.

To date 936 of the most prominent world figures nominated Carl von Ossietzky for the Nobel Peace Prize. Your aid will help get him the prize—will help to free him. Make his cause your own.

Very sincerely yours,
Victor Basch, President,
Ligue Pour La Defense des Droits de L'Homme.

Contribute to the Fund for Ossietzky and Other Political Prisoners!

INTERNATIONAL RELIEF ASSOCIATION
(*Official U. S. representative of Ossietzky Committee*)
Freda Kirchway, *Treasurer*
20 Vesey Street, New York City

I am glad to give $..... to the Ossietzky Fund.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

everything and so: "Once more he signed the contract. He did it without disappointment, without remorse, without bitterness. He signed again for a year and a half. It was the nineteenth time." M. G.

The Handbook of the Soviet Union, Compiled by the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce. New York: The John Day Company. 625 pages. $3.

Industrialists and business men interested in the potential consumption and production of the U.S.S.R., and travelers planning a trip to the Soviet Union, for pleasure or social study or business, will be grateful to the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce for this intelligently planned and compact reference book. It is written in a clear, simple style, and contains good indices of subjects and names. Chapters on "Area and Population," "Government," "Foreign Relations" and "Economic Geography" serve as a sensible background for further chapters discussing industry, agriculture, transportation and communication, finance, etc., which furnish data needed to trace social and economic development in the U.S.S.R. since the publication, in 1931, of "The Economic Handbook of the Soviet Union." The statistics and much of the information contained in the volume were obtained from official Soviet sources, but the editors, in the foreword, warn that some of the figures for 1934 are preliminary and subject to later revision. A skeleton history of the U.S.S.R., in the back of the book, might well be read first by prospective travelers or traders who have not followed the course of events in the news. B. E. B.

A Correction

In our issue of June 24 the address by Secretary Ickes announced in "What's on the Air?" was to be made at the dedication of the P.W.A. building program in Harlem, not, as we stated, the Federal Housing Administration.

Contributors

JONATHAN MITCHELL, author of many articles on politics and current affairs, lives in Washington, D. C. He has covered both the Republican and Democratic conventions for The New Republic.

JOHN DOS PASSOS, novelist and playwright, is the author, among other books, of "Three Soldiers," "Manhattan Transfer," "The 42nd Parallel" and "1919." A new novel, "The Big Money," is to be published in August by Harcourt, Brace.

FELIX WARBURG is a member of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb and Company, New York City.

FRED R. MILLER was editor of the magazine Blast and is now working on a novel.

PHILIP LITTELL, who was one of the first group of editors of The New Republic, has contributed extensively to magazines and has written several books, two of them being "Books and Things," a volume of essays, and "This Way Out," a satirical novel of the Garden of Eden.

HAROLD CLURMAN is a director of the Group Theatre. He staged Clifford Odets' "Awake and Sing!" and "Paradise Lost."

PETER OLDEN is a native of Berlin who has just returned to this country after seven months spent on research work in Central Europe. He is the brother of Rudolph Olden, author of a recent biography of Hitler.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN is assistant professor of Political Science at the University of Chicago. A second edition of his "The Nazi Dictatorship" was recently published by Knopf.

SAMUEL FRENCH MORSE was graduated last month from Dartmouth College and is at work on a novel.

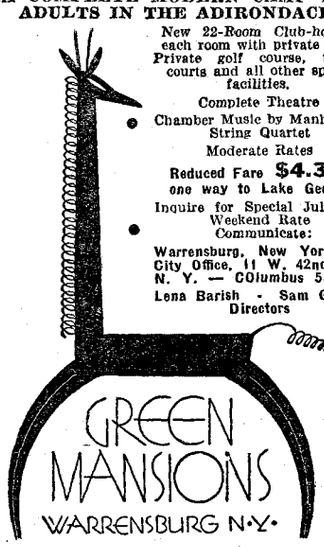
MARTHA GRUENING writes extensively for the serious magazines, especially in the field of race relations.

ELEANOR CLARK, a graduate of Vassar College, is a free-lance journalist in New York City.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Quincy Howe, Martha Gruening and Beatrice E. Bettinger.

RESORTS

A COMPLETE MODERN CAMP FOR ADULTS IN THE ADIRONDACKS



New 22-Room Club-house, each room with private bath
Private golf course, tennis courts and all other sports facilities.
Complete Theatre
Chamber Music by Manhattan String Quartet
Moderate Rates
Reduced Fare $4.30
one way to Lake George
Inquire for Special July 4th Weekend Rate
Communicate:
Warrensburg, New York, or City Office, 11 W. 42nd St., N. Y. — COlumbus 5-6346.
Lena Barish - Sam Garlen
Directors

GREEN MANSIONS
WARRENSBURG N.Y.

RESORTS

SCAROON MANOR
ON
SCHROON LAKE, N.Y.
"RESORT BEAUTIFUL"
In the heart of the Adirondacks
9 HOLE GOLF COURSE
ON PREMISES
9 CLAY TENNIS COURTS
8 HANDBALL COURTS

A Delightful Hide-Away
in the mountains, inviting people of better taste. Tennis, handball, swimming, roller skating, other seasonal sports, solariums, excellent table. Open fireplaces, library, cultural entertainment, and loads of spontaneous fun.
Chesters' Zunbarg
Woodbourne, N. Y. Tel: Fallsburg 2 F 22

RESORTS

VINEYARD LODGE
ULSTER PARK, N. Y.
"Garden Spot of Ulster County"
Modern hotel midst beautiful 200-acre fruit and grape farm. Solarium, tennis, swimming, social activities. American-Jewish cuisine. Reasonable rates.
J. ROSENTHAL, Kingston 157J2

BOOKS

IS IT HOT? Not as hot as the live coals that sizzled under Bracanovich's armpits in STRUGGLE (Louis Adamic), 15c; and you should read and own the only complete history of the NEW THEATRE movement, by Ben Blake (illus., 25c); also THE MILITIA by Walter Wilson, the first and best expose of real fascism in the U. S. A., 15c; send only 50c for all three, your money's worth; 50c more will bring you Mark Graubard's famous GENETICS AND THE SOCIAL ORDER (cloth, 25c extra) and if you're ambitious you'll want Dr. Graubard's new book, just out—BIOLOGY AND HUMAN BEHAVIOR, considered one of the most important of serious books to appear in a long time—406 pages, $2.50 (free prospectus). Write now. TOMORROW, PUBLISHERS, 303 4th Ave., N. Y. C. Dept. R.

CORRESPONDENCE CLUBS

AN UNUSUAL CLUB for unusual people. Unusual books loaned. Send 3-cent stamp. Contacts, Box 91, Station D, New York City.

WHY NOT let our Friendship Club find—for you—that added zest in life? Box 670, Seattle, Washington. Enclose stamp.

SUMMER SUBLET

ATTRACTIVE, furnished large one-room apartment, kitchenette, bath. East Ninth St. $55 monthly. GR 5-6327, evenings. Box 929, The New Republic.

TO SUBLET

54 MORTON, Village. Furnished. Large room, small room, bath, kitchenette, free gas. $50. Optional 3 to 6 months. Going to U.S.S.R. Apply: Bollins or Superindentent.

THE COLONY CLUB WOODSTOCK, N. Y. in the Catskills

Modern comfort and old world charm amidst beautiful surroundings. Every room with private bath and shower. Fireproof. Center of all cultural and social activities in famous art colony. Exceptionally moderate rates. For information and reservations address: THE COLONY CLUB, WOODSTOCK, N. Y., or telephone Woodstock 200.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED